

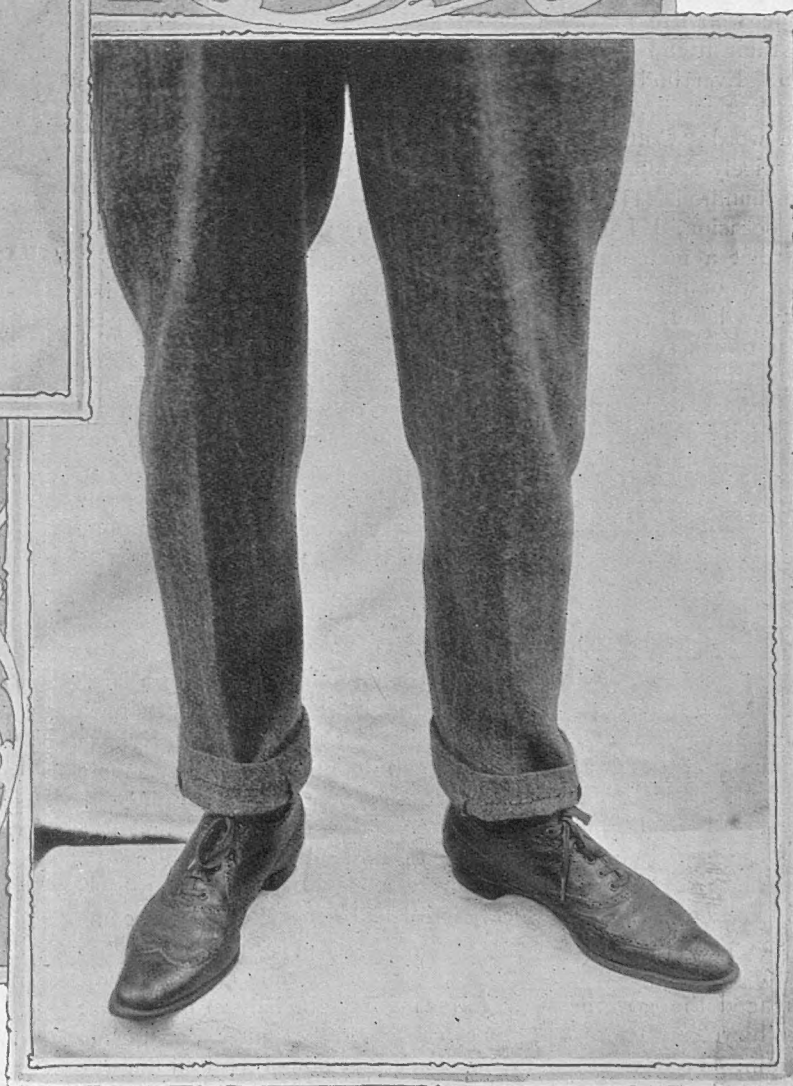
The Sketch

No. 914.—Vol. LXXI.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1910.

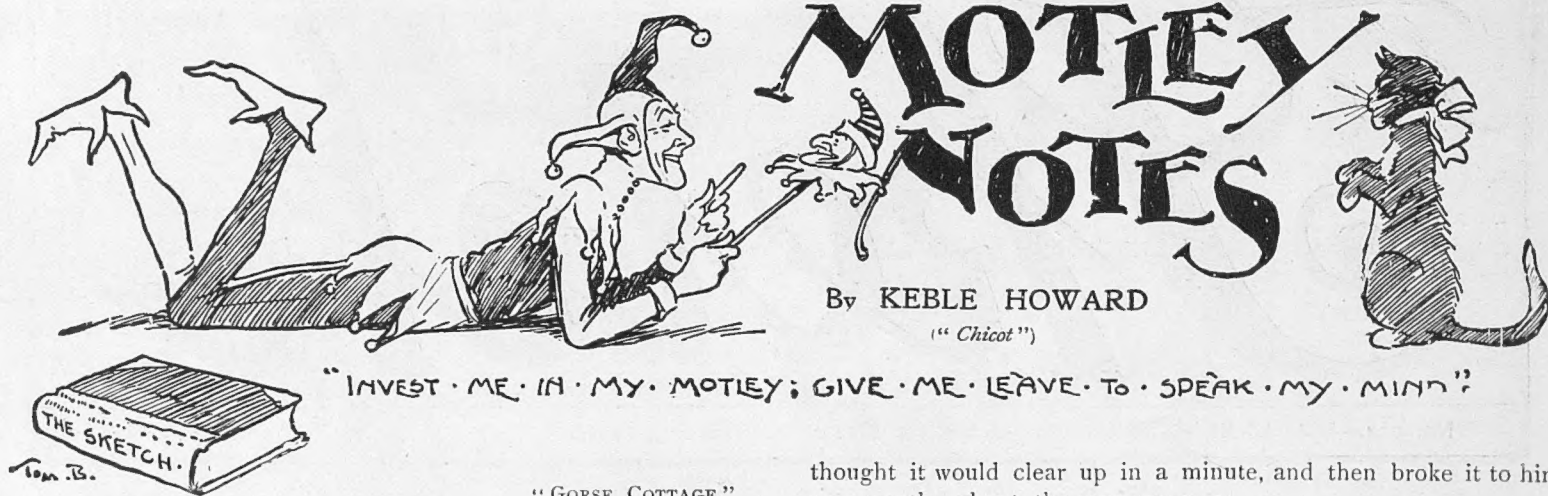
SIXPENCE.

The Difficulty of Being a Boy.



THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A GIRL'S NATURAL ATTITUDE AND THAT OF A BOY.

The case of Miss Le Neve emphasises the fact that it is not so easy as it might appear for a girl to disguise herself effectually as a boy or man. It has to be borne in mind that a woman's gait and attitude, especially in walking and standing, are different from those of a man, and unless she practised the male habit in these respects, she would quickly betray herself. The high heels that women wear on their boots cause them to take short mincing steps on their toes and heels, and to keep their knees and ankles close together, while a man progresses with a free stride and walks with the whole of his foot flat on the ground. Then, too, the smallness of a girl's foot would give her away, unless she wore masculine boots filled up with cotton-wool. It is equally difficult, *vice versa*, for a man to imitate the gait and attitude of a girl.—[Photographs by Clarke.]



The Invitation. "MY DEAR OLD CHAP," I wrote, being of an effusive nature, "I wonder whether you would care to run down here for the week-end? I think it would do you good. I have some excellent whisky from the Stores, and plenty of tobacco. Please bring some cigarettes and cigars, as I am running short; we will settle up on your arrival. The beds are modern, and there are a lot of nice little dinners running about up at the farm. The garden is full of cabbages, peas, new potatoes, rhubarb, and raspberries. The butcher sells quite good meat, the home-made bread is baked in the village, and the carrier brings supplies of first-class soda-water. I am not relying on these grosser details, however, to tempt you away from town. I want to tell you that the weather is charming—sunshine from morning to night, and a refreshing breeze. This cottage stands very high—over six hundred feet above sea-level—so that you will have a fine appetite. The heather is in full bloom, and there is a very decent billiard-table in the Village Hall. The views are wonderful; you can see for miles in every direction, which saves the trouble of walking. I am four miles from the station; but you will be met, of course, by a suitable vehicle. Wire me the time of your train."

The Reply. Before we go any further, I should like to commend that letter to the attention of people who live in the country and complain that they cannot get their friends—especially bachelors—to come and stay with them. Everybody knows that it is a highly adventurous business to accept an invitation to stay with friends in the country. The mere word "Cottage" at the top of the notepaper, no matter how nicely stamped or printed, will put off ninety-nine men out of a hundred. Having been the hundredth man on more than one occasion, I know what I am talking about. I also know just what a man wants to know before he makes up his mind one way or the other, but which he can never find out from a woman's letter. This is the sort of letter of invitation a woman writes on these occasions: "Algernon and I will be so pleased if you will come and spend a week-end with us. This is a very quiet place, four miles from the station, but we know you do not mind roughing it a little. Let us know by return, as the time is short." I should like to say at once that that kind of letter is no good at all, unless you are after very young game indeed. Appeal to the creature's baser instincts. For example, how did my friend reply? Here is his wire: "Delighted. Arrive noon on Sunday. Have bought cigars and cigarettes."

The Arrival. There are two available conveyances in this village. One is a closed fly drawn by a large and solemn horse. The other is a tiny little governess-car drawn by the smallest pony I have ever seen. One has to step right in the middle of the governess-car on getting in, lest the pony should be lifted off the ground and, in consequence, greatly frightened. I hesitated all the morning between the closed fly and the governess-car. When the sun shone, I decided on the governess-car. Then it would rain fairly sharply, and I would prepare to rush round and order the fly. But, before I had started, out would come the sun again, so that the governess-car came once more into favour. Finally, as it was not raining when the time came to start, I engaged the governess-car, following myself, half-an-hour later, on a bicycle. Before I had been going five minutes, down came the rain. Too late then to turn back. It rained hard all the way to the station. It rained whilst I was waiting for the train. It still rained as the train drew up at the platform. "This is rotten luck," I said, grasping my poor friend's cold, damp hand. "Yes," he replied, "I left lovely weather in town." I told him that I

thought it would clear up in a minute, and then broke it to him, very gently, about the governess-car.

The Journey to "Gorse Cottage." We waited in the station about half-an-hour, hoping that the rain would stop. I said I was sure it was only a passing shower, and that the afternoon would be brilliantly fine. My friend did not reply. He was looking at the pony. At the end of the half-hour, the rain was coming down faster than ever. This being so, we decided to start for home. I held the pony to earth whilst my friend and the boy who drove solved the puzzle of getting into the car. At last, off we went. When I say "off we went," I have no desire to mislead you. There was nothing dashing about our departure. You have to look twice at the little pony before you can be sure whether it is moving or standing still. As for keeping level with it on a bicycle, it would need a trick-rider to do that. As I am not, nowadays, a trick-rider, I found it best to ride on until I came to a tree and there wait for the conveyance. My friend's face grew gloomier and gloomier as time went on. I tried to interest him in the landscape, but the only word that he could find for it was "forlorn." When I congratulated him on the health-giving, refreshing breeze, he retorted by calling it a nasty cold wind. I was wet and cold myself, but persistently cheerful. Altogether, a ghastly journey.

How We Spent the Day. On arrival, my first thought was to put a match to the fire. "We shall soon be very cosy and jolly," I said, calling his attention to the old-fashioned fireplace and the wide chimney. My friend, who takes a genuine interest in antiquities, stooped to examine the wide chimney. At that moment, a gust of wind came down the chimney, bringing with it, of course, a volume of sooty smoke. My friend coughed, backed to the other side of the room, and wiped his eyes. I assured him that the fire would be a great success when it had burnt up a little. As luck would have it, the fire never did burn up. The wind was in the wrong direction. I may here confess that the wind always is in the wrong direction for that wide chimney. Then we had lunch. The rain came down splendidly all through lunch. After lunch, we opened the cigars and sat staring through the window at the rain. About four o'clock, the rain stopped. "Come on!" I cried, and led him to the top of a hill to admire the view. Just as we were admiring the view, down came the rain again. We hurried home. The cottage was full of smoke, but I had a fire made in another room, to which we retired. We stayed in this room for dinner, nor did we move out of it until it was time to go to bed. My friend informed me that he had arranged, before leaving town, to return on the morrow.

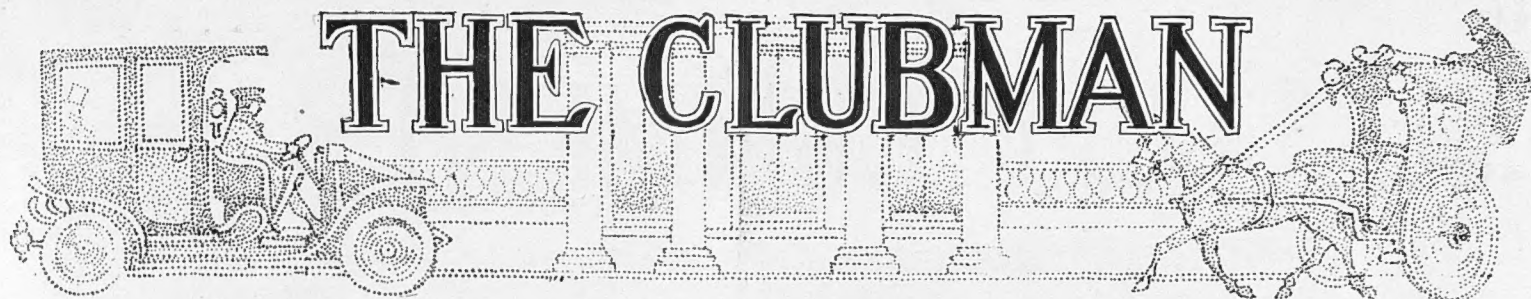
The Farewell. It rained all night. When the morning came, I rushed off to engage the closed fly, so that the return journey to the station, at any rate, might be made in some comfort. To my horror, the fly was already booked. There was nothing for it but the diminutive pony again and the governess-car. My friend did not seem to mind very much. He seemed to keep his attention fixed on getting back to London. The boy who drove the trap could not be found very readily; I think the constant driving of that pony is affecting the youth's mind. We were late in starting, therefore, and, naturally enough, we missed the train. My friend discovered that, by driving on to the next station, he could just get another train. He was taking no risks. We caught the other train. "Good-bye, old chap," I said, "I'm sorry it's been such rotten weather. You must come down again as soon as you can." "Yes," he said. And then, feebly, as the train began to move, "Good-bye. Thanks very much." The sun came out as the train rounded the bend.

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The King in Scotland.

The King in Scotland will, no doubt, have his fill of grouse-shooting and of deer-stalking. Our royal sport after the stag is a much better test of eye and limb than is the deer-shooting which is the sport of most European kings. The long stalk on a mountain-side, and the difficult shot at some great stag is far finer sport than to stand, as the German and Austrian Emperors do, and have the game driven up to them by thousands of beaters. Of course, the day's bag at one of those battues is tremendous in the matter of numbers, and the laying-out of the spoil at night in the courtyard of some great castle is a noble sight, but is not to be compared for picturesqueness with the torchlight procession of Highlanders and the Highland dances which end a successful day amongst our Northern mountains. There is, perhaps, more danger in the shooting in Austrian and German forests than on a Highland hill, for a wild boar charging to the line of guns is a very awkward customer if not stopped by a bullet.

The British Spas.

This was the time of year at which King Edward always went to Marienbad, and before that to Homburg, and Marienbad will now, as Homburg had previously done, feel sadly the absence of the courteous King, round whom clustered so many rich and so many pleasant people. It may well be that, with a King who is not inclined to spend much time on the Continent, the fortunes of our home spas may rise, and that Harrogate and Buxton and Droitwich and Tunbridge Wells and Matlock may once again come into favour with the doctors, for it is with the family doctor that the last word lies when the tired City man or my lady, worn out by the Season's dancing, has to decide where he or she will go to drink the waters. The principal facts which have induced the doctors to send so many of their patients to Homburg and Carlsbad and Aix-les-Bains, instead of to our home "cure" places, are the complete change of scene, the escape from everyday worries, and the "cure diet" which every hotel of any city of the baths offers its visitors. At Carlsbad, for instance, nothing which could injure anyone who is taking the waters is allowed to be brought into the town and sold in the market, and though at every restaurant and every hotel there is a fixed-price dinner which is intended for the townspeople and contains certain luxuries forbidden to the "cure" patients, the bill of fare which is offered to any stranger has on it only the limited number of dishes of which the doctors give one a choice.

The English Hotels.

In any fashionable hotel in any English "cure" place, the proprietor and the manager keep one eye on their visitors who come to dance and enjoy life thoroughly, and it is for their benefit, and not for the benefit of the people

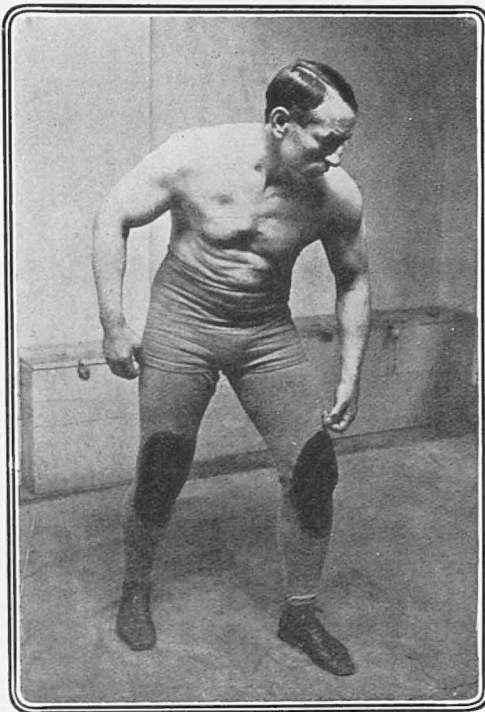
who drink the waters and require simple food that the daily bill of fare is drawn up. Of course, it is possible in any hotel to order a special dinner, but that, in nine cases out of ten, is an expensive luxury. I once suggested to the manager of one of the great hotels at an English town of baths, that on the menu of his daily dinner he should start with a red cross dish which were "cure" diet. But he did not thank me for my suggestion, and said that the people for whom his daily dinner was not good enough ought to be able to pay liberally for a special feast. That is the spirit, more or less, in which the food question is approached by most of the hotels; but I am sure that if hotel-managers at our "cure" places were to arrange that their menus were composed entirely from foods recommended by the doctors, they would reap a liberal reward in increased patronage.

The Ostend Literary Society.

The raid made by the Ghent magistrates and police upon the rooms of the Literary Society in the Kursaal at Ostend, adds a fresh chapter to the history of the rise and fall of gambling in the great Belgian town by the sea. Spa and Ostend outlasted all the other towns, and it was said that Ostend intended to compete with Monte Carlo in a winter season. It was then that M. Blanc, of Monte Carlo, commenced war against M. Marquet, who was the great power in gambling circles in Belgium. A Monte Carlo syndicate bought the Royal Palace Hotel, just outside Ostend, and made preparations for running a club in the hotel which would compete in every way with the Club Privé of the Kursaal. The law case against M. Marquet, instituted by the Belgian legal authorities, which was the next move in the game, was taken from court to court, but did not stop baccarat at Ostend. A truce was declared between the Monte Carlo syndicate and M. Marquet, and it seemed as though baccarat was to be winked at both in Spa and Ostend by the judicial authorities. To attract visitors roulette was also played without the zero, but only at one table, and only during certain hours of the day. It looks now as though the Minister of Justice were determined that there should be no gambling in the casinos of Belgium, and as though anyone who wishes to play baccarat must, in future, go to France or some of the other Latin countries.

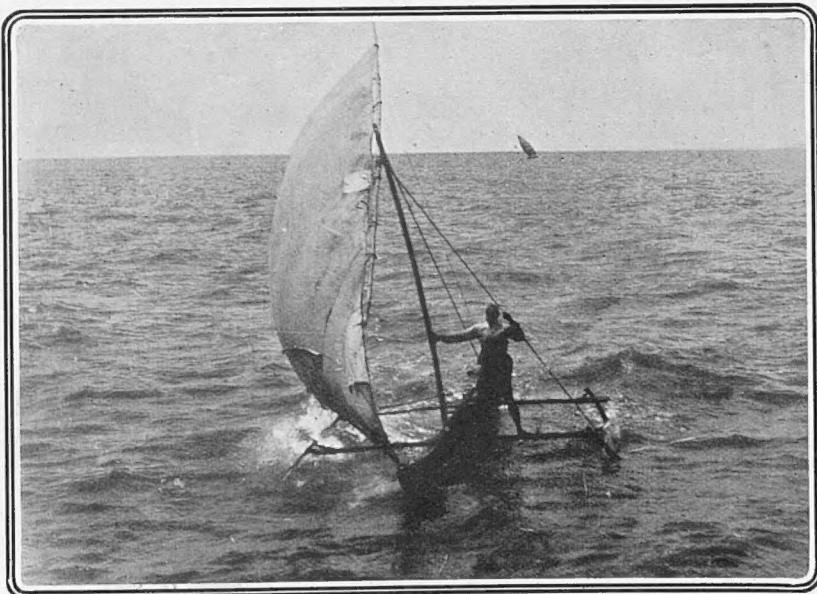
Baccarat in France.

Baccarat in the French casinos is now a legalised game, the Government taking a very considerable share of the profits made by the bank. There is, under the Ministry of the Interior, a large staff of inspectors and detectives employed to see that every penny made in every casino is duly accounted for. In Spain and Portugal gaming at the casinos seems to be intermittent, and whether it is done boldly or timidly depends very much on what Ministry is in power.



A FAMOUS AMERICAN WRESTLER NOW IN LONDON: DR. ROLLER, WHO IS TRAINING FOR A MATCH WITH GAMA.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin Roller, the well-known American wrestler and athlete, arrived in London a few days ago, and is training for a match with Gama, the Hindoo wrestler. The match will take place some time before Aug. 15. Dr. Roller is also an adept at football, fencing, and other forms of athletics. The only wrestler who has yet beaten him is Frank Gotch. Dr. Roller studied medicine at Philadelphia University, and played in the college football team. He took up wrestling after starting to practise as a doctor at Seattle.—[Photograph by Topical.]



A CRAFT THAT WOULD CAUSE A SENSATION AT COWES: A GALAWA, OR NATIVE FISHING-BOAT, OF ZANZIBAR.

A galawa is a canoe hewn out of the trunk of a mango tree, and is the kind of craft used by the native fishermen of Zanzibar. These boats, which are, of course, very light, are remarkably fast, the outriggers on each side, to prevent heeling over, enabling them to carry a large amount of canvas.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK



THERE is something very brutal in the way in which the inhabitants of Postwick have been treating and speaking of their flies. The human beings are in a minority, and therefore ought to retire as gracefully as they can.

His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda is one of the most modest and unassuming of men, says a morning paper. As he owns artillery made of gold

and silver, with golden harness for his bullocks, and a necklace worth two and a half millions, this is all the more to his credit. It must be very hard to be modest with such gifts.

New York portrait-painters tell us that when the next century comes the women of the U.S.A. will be the most beautiful in the world. The N.Y. P.P.s are miles behind the times. Even in the last century the American Press asserted that American women were the only beauties in the world. This comes of having to study art in effete old Yurrupe.

An Englishman and a German have run a dead-heat in the first Matterhorn Marathon of the season. Another international complication averted.

Lemberg is avenged! The French wanted to roast an ox whole to celebrate the victory of Nuage in the Grand Prix, but nobody knew how to set about the job, and so they had to send for an English cook. This is changing the Blue Ribbon for the Cordon Bleu.

The skeleton of a lady at least five thousand years old has been discovered in Egypt. In the tomb was also found an ivory hat-pin. There is no more to be said on this subject.

Professor Smith denounces as immoral the custom of wedding-presents, more especially the golden teapots which large numbers of wage-earners are in the habit of giving. In what happy land does the Professor live? The usual wedding-present is a thing that looks like a king's ransom and costs twopence-halfpenny.

THE SAND CURE.

(Walking bare-footed on the sands by the sea is the latest cure for nerves, says a well-known medical specialist.)

When I read the airy dictum	And when my lacerated foot
Of that well-known specialist,	Had healed, I once again
I took my shoes and stockings off	Set out to stimulate my nerves,
And slung them on my wrist.	Invigorate my brain.
And barefoot on the soothing sands	But barefoot on those yellow sands
I paddled in ozone,	I never more will go,
Until a broken bottle cut	For crabs with 40-h.p. claws
My left foot to the bone.	Have browsed upon my toe.

The law is full of surprises. A man is perfectly entitled to use bad language among people who delight in it, said Mr. Cluer. The legal offence is in the annoyance. This must be a great relief to those who look on swearing as a "gift."

The doctors are at it too.

One of them says that choking down a swear-word may even so alter the action of certain internal organs as to produce a form of blood-poisoning. With a few lessons from a bargee, an operation for appendicitis will be no longer necessary.



THE IDEAL DUMMY.

(Tailors have always in their mind's eye a certain ideal of fit and style . . . the ideas of the customer, when they are antagonistic to this ideal, clash and jar and upset the highly strung tailor's nerves.)

Mark you that noble youth whose smile
Beams on the hurrying street,
Whose legs are thin and stiff, and end
In microscopic feet?
Mock not his wooden pose, nor call
Him dummy, for he serves
As the ideal that can soothe
High-strung tailor's nerves.

The fumes from the motor traffic of London have never quite succeeded in killing anyone, but they slay flies, insects, and germs by the million. It is a pity that this blessing should disguise itself so powerfully.

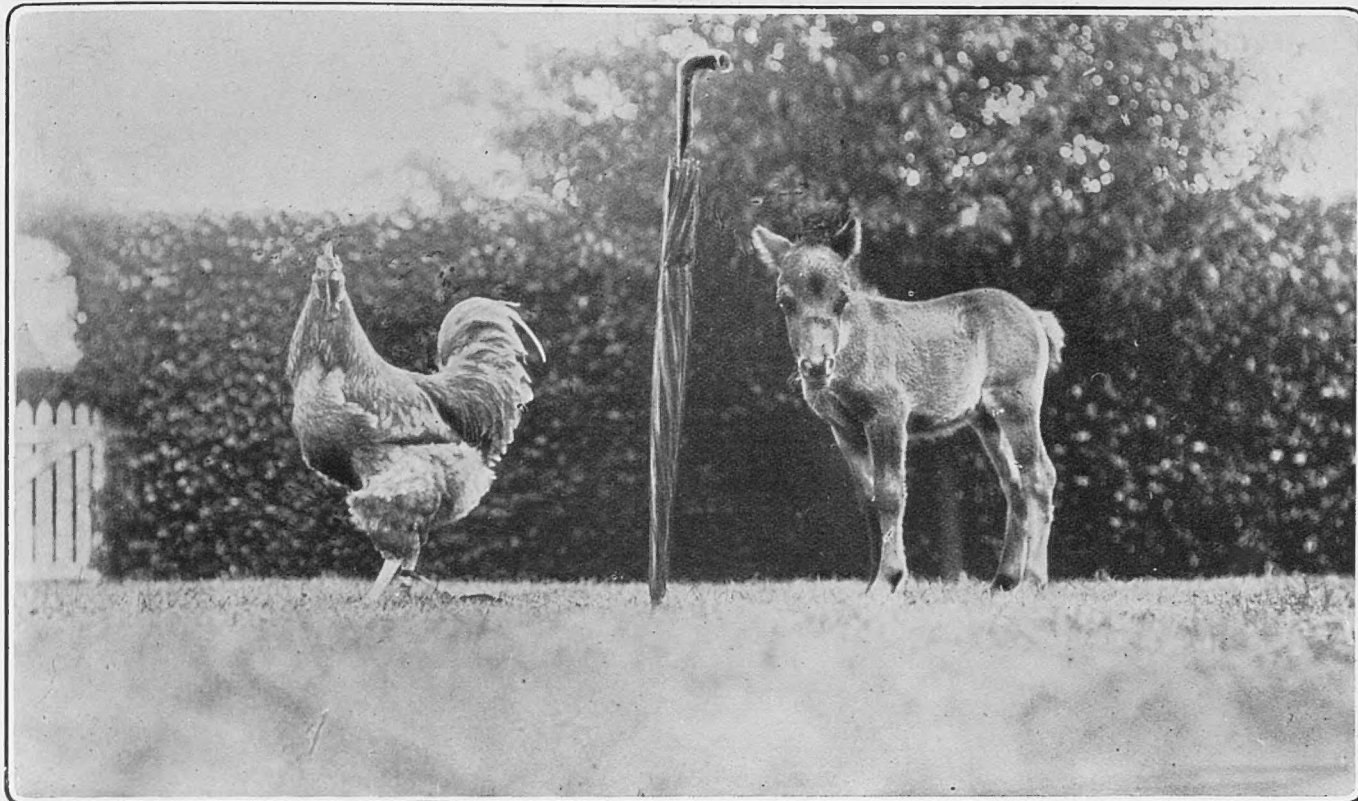
Some people are beginning to make a fuss because the holiday season only lasts for a month or six weeks in August and the beginning of September. The suggestion is that the season should be extended for three months. But what about the weather? There is just a chance that there

may be a warm day or two in August; but for the other months it will be necessary to argue with the Clerk of the Weather.

Jan Mayen, a little island in the Arctic circle, has, you will be glad to hear, been seen again, after a disappearance of fifty years. This disappearing island is about the only place left where one can play at Robinson Crusoe without being disturbed. For they have stuck up a wireless telegraph post on Juan Fernandez, and we shall now have Crusoe telephoning home to stop the export of the Johnson-Jeffries films, for fear of exciting Man Friday.

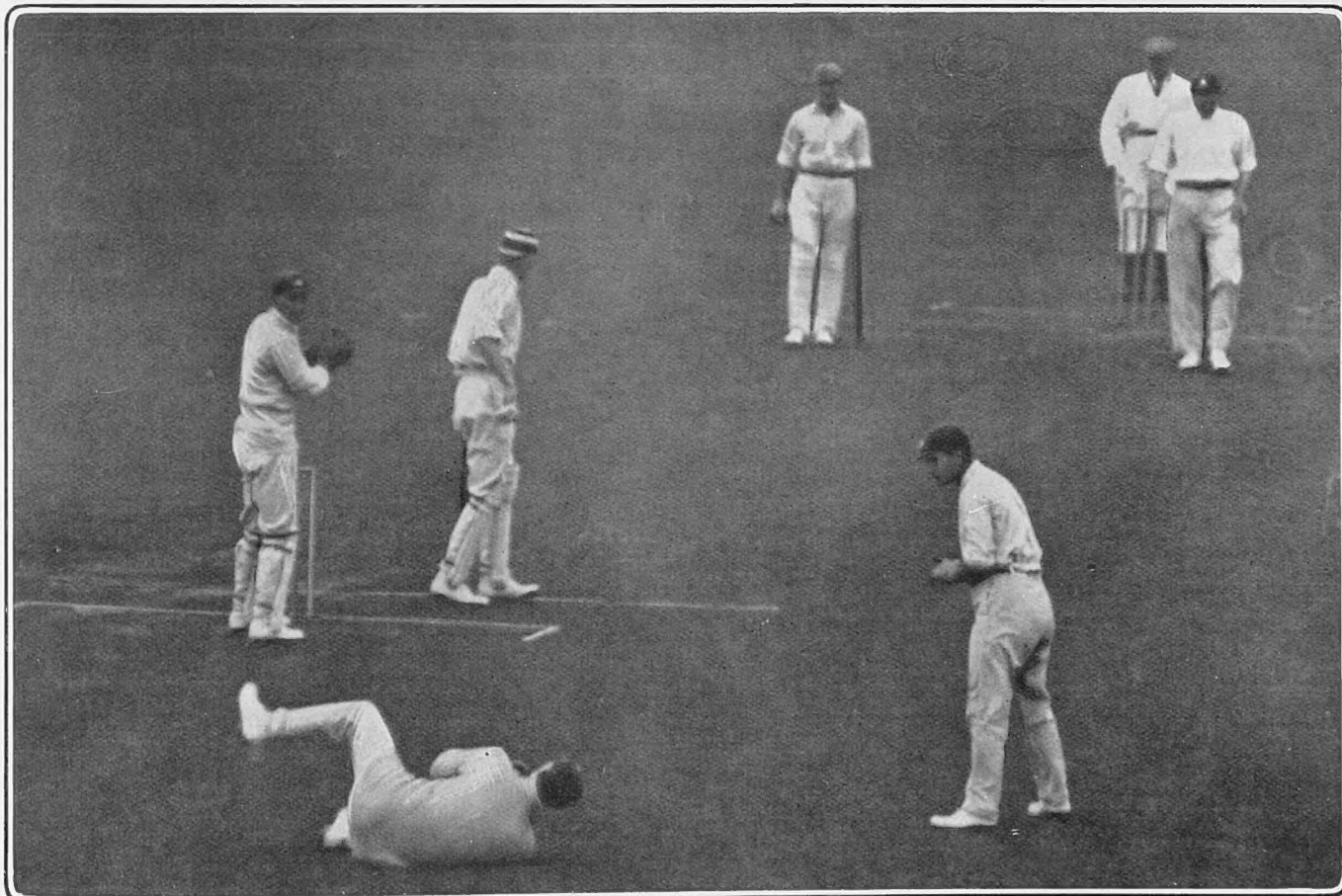


A VERY SMALL FOAL AND A SLIP OF THE SLIP.



NO BIGGER THAN A FOWL: A VERY DIMINUTIVE FOAL SIDE BY SIDE WITH A FINE ORPINGTON
AND AN ORDINARY UMBRELLA.

This photograph was taken by Lord Linlithgow, who vouches for the fact that the fowl (an Orpington) was no nearer to the camera than the foal, and that the umbrella was one of ordinary size. The foal, which is the property of the Ladies Hope, of Hollenden Farm, Hildenborough, was twelve days old and about nineteen inches high.



THERE'S MANY A SLIP—TWIXT THE BALL AND THE GROUND: A FINE CATCH IN THE SLIPS AT LEYTON.

This very realistic photograph of a "gallery" catch brought off in a match at Leyton, illustrates the truth of a new proverb which we coin for the occasion—"There's many a slip twixt the ball and the ground," as many a batsman who has just "nicked" a fast one to the off has found to his cost.

Photograph by Central News

SMALL TALK

FOLLOWING hard on Mr. Victor Montgomerie, another officer of the 2nd Life Guards is to wed. Captain Vandeleur, the only surviving son of the late Hector Vandeleur, of Kilrush and Cahircon, in Ireland, is engaged to the Hon. Violet Meysey-Thompson, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Knaresborough. Their marriage will not take place till the end of October, but if they had kept Sir Keith Fraser and Lady Dorothy Coventry company on Aug. 30, they would also have honoured the sixty-fifth birthday of the bride's father.

Among the Gods. While the Peers play touch-last with titles and properties, the Peeresses have been jostling one another in the Peeresses' Gallery. The Lord Great Chamberlain to the rescue! In future, when a debate promises to "draw," he is empowered to give notice that none but Peeresses will be admitted to the Gallery. Not long ago, while the House was sitting on Mr. Lloyd George, "at least one well-known Peeress" was sitting on the



MARRYING MISS CLARA ROSS: BRIGADIER GENERAL SIR W. H. MANNING, K.C.M.G., C.B.

Sir William Manning is Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the Somaliland Protectorate. He was formerly in the Indian army and was acting Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Nyassaland two years ago.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



TO MARRY SIR W. H. MANNING: MISS CLARA MAUDE ROSS.

Miss Clara Maude Ross, only daughter of Mr. Charles J. Ross, of 66, Grosvenor Street, and Heatherdene, Bagshot, Surrey, is marrying Brigadier General Sir William H. Manning, K.C.M.G., C.B. Sir William Manning's home is at Great Missenden, Bucks.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Mlle. Pavlova infected several dances with a joyousness that entered not at all into the formal announcement that "Mr. and Mrs. Paul Nelke give a dance," or "Mrs. John Gordon's dance took place last night."

The Adventurers. Is it worth while? Such has been the question asked by visitors to the bedside of the Hon. Alan Boyle, and, doubtless, such is the question he has asked himself. He has never hesitated with his affirmatives. His friend, Charlie Rolls, believed that a life, more or less, is not squandered if given to the furtherance of the science of the air, and this sentiment has become an article of faith with many aviators since the Bournemouth tragedy. Before then it had almost seemed as if the English flying man was immune from the graver casualties of the air. Now that he realises his risks, he is, if anything, prouder of his calling than he was before. And Mr. Boyle is not the man to be discouraged by a remediable fall on



TO MARRY MR. H. B. IMBERT-TERRY, R.F.A.: MISS DOROTHY FLINT.

Miss Dorothy Flint is the only daughter of Colonel E. M. Flint, late Royal Artillery, of the Moat, Ipswich. Her marriage with Mr. H. B. Imbert-Terry, R.F.A., son of Mr. H. M. Terry, of Strete Raleigh, Devon, is arranged for to-morrow (Thursday).

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

have proved too severe for some of them.

The Passing of the Season. The Season passed quietly away, without gaining consciousness. Such would be the report of the average mourner. But the Season has been deceptive. Those who were present when it passed away know that it had a kick in it till the last. In some ways it has never seemed more than half-alive, for the reason that many hostesses have not paraded their functions in the Press. Friends have been called upon at the last moment, dances arranged in hot haste, suppers given at short notice to guest and chef alike. But yet it has been a successful Season, and especially towards the close, when many charming small parties compensated for the lack of large and elaborate ceremonial. The feet of

floor. The indignity of the position was accentuated by the presence of several active and early Peeresses' daughters in the chairs. They had secured them, and they kept them, even when "well-known Peeresses" sank exhausted. It is, perhaps, a little hard on the daughters that they must now be excluded altogether: an ingenious Lord Great Chamberlain might surely have arranged that the ladies changed their respective positions, for the daughters of the present generation are the only people seriously interested in politics, and bare boards would not

the head. "You can wing a bird, but not a Boyle. I don't see any way of keeping him to earth," commented a friend of the injured man and of his parents, Lord and Lady Glasgow.

Little Tichborne. Sir Joseph Tichborne, the new

baronet of a long line, is twenty years of age, and is therefore by no means an aged baronet, though the holder of an aged baronetcy. William Cobbett somewhere exclaims, on seeing the name of Tichborne, that he thinks he has heard good of the family; but it required Arthur Orton



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT GUY D. FANSHAWE: MISS LOUISA CRICHTON.

Miss Louisa Crichton is the daughter of Col. the Hon. Henry Crichton, brother of the Earl of Erne, and of his first wife, who was Miss Cole-Hamilton, of Beltrim Castle, Co. Tyrone. Her stepmother is Lady Emma Crichton, sister of the Earl of Northbrook, who has mothered her since she was nine.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

really to establish the family name. Estates valued at £20,000 a year are worth fighting for, and the present possessor enters on the revenues of the estate unimpaired by expenses of the suit that is still as good reading as any detective-story—or, so we can safely say, until we have read Mr. Chesterton's.

A Duchess in a Garden. The Duke of Westminster has gone to Ostend, and the Duchess to her parents at Newlands Manor. The garden is in great splendour at Newlands just now, and is a source of daily occupation to its owner, and of hourly delight to her visitors. The Duke and Duchess will meet again, a little later, at their Chester home; and a local memorial to Edward VII., who was the best possible friend to them, is to be planned under the Duke's presidency during the autumn.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN KENNETH HOPE BRUCE: MISS LORNA BURN-MURDOCH.

Miss Lorna Burn-Murdoch, who is engaged to Captain Kenneth Hope Bruce, is the daughter of Dr. Burn-Murdoch, who practises in Edinburgh.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



TO MARRY MISS LORNA BURN-MURDOCH: CAPTAIN KENNETH HOPE BRUCE.

Captain Kenneth Hope Bruce of the Gordon Highlanders, and Adjutant of the London Scottish, is the son of Sir Alexander Carmichael Bruce, Assistant-Commissioner, Scotland Yard.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

ONE OF THE GREAT TRIO: HARRY VARDON AND HIS STYLE.



NO. II.—THE STROKES OF HARRY VARDON, PROFESSIONAL AT THE SOUTH HERTS GOLF CLUB, TOTTERIDGE, FOUR TIMES OPEN CHAMPION.

Harry Vardon, who is forty this year, won four Open Championships between 1896 and 1903, and for three successive years (1900, 1901, and 1902) he was runner-up. In 1900 also, he won the American Championship. He has played five times for England against Scotland (from 1903 to 1907), and was selected in 1908. He is a Channel Islander by birth, having been born in Jersey in 1870. Braid, Taylor and Harry Vardon are often called "the great trio" among golfers.—[Photographs by Reinhold Thiele.]

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

HERALDS' COLLEGE has been stirring again, and will be stirring for the next ten months. When Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty's efficient voice rang out with the proclamation of the Coronation and Blue Mantle Pursuivant rode to Temple Bar, the spectators of the ceremony witnessed only the picturesque outward signs of much inward labour. The College is astir, and even that ogre for work, the Earl Marshal, is trying to take a short holiday before he adds the long preliminaries of Coronation stage and state management to his multifarious undertakings. The Earl Marshal is on the best of terms with the Heralds' College, which, like Mr. Lewis Harcourt, finds him at once the mildest and most industrious of autocrats.

The Heralds. Among the Duke of Norfolk's particular friends in Heralds' College are counted Lancaster Herald, Rouge Dragon Pursuivant, York Herald, and Somerset Herald. Somerset Herald is Mr. Henry Farnham Burke, son of Sir Bernard of the Peerage, and long connected with the heraldic headquarters. At first acting as Rouge Croix Pursuivant, he was not appointed to his present office until 1887. York Herald entered the College in 1889, and is as clever with the genealogical pencil as Rouge Dragon Pursuivant with the pen. Rouge Dragon's books include "A Plea for the Resurrection of Heraldry" and a study on the Arms of the Popes. Like the Duke and several members of the College, Rouge Dragon (Mr. Edward Green) is a Catholic, and it was to him and to his co-religionists



A PRINCELY PAIR: PRINCESS TOUSSOUN, CARRYING PRINCESS CHUNG (LEFT), AND PUCK OF ALDERBOURNE (RIGHT).

that Edward the Seventh's whispered pronunciation of the Coronation Oath came as a special act of kingly consideration. King George will have the same bevy of Catholics about him next June, but will be spared the embarrassment of the Oath as it was last used.

The Happy Augury. Lancaster Herald (Mr. Edward Bellasis) has been distracted from what is for him the everyday romance of Heraldry by the more vital romance of a family wedding. On Thursday Miss Mildred Bellasis was married to Mr. Victor Montgomerie, a popular officer of the 2nd Life Guards. The scowling statue of Newman—Mr. Bellasis is one of the Cardinal's literary executors—outside the Brompton Oratory, seemed, by happy chance and a passing effect of light and shade, to look down with an almost friendly expression upon Thursday's bride and groom.



TWO WELL-KNOWN ADMIRERS OF THE PEKINGESE: MRS. CORBET (ON THE LEFT) WITH ADDERLEY FIR, AND LADY BINNING WITH TCHAN TAO OF HACKNEY, AND CHIN (ON HER ARM).



"WHERE ARE THE BUDGETS OF YESTER YEAR?" THE MARCHIONESS OF TWEEDDALE AND YESTER BUDGET.

THE PEKINGESE FANCY IN PET-DOGS: SOME WELL-KNOWN DOG-LOVERS IN SOCIETY.

Photographs by the Record Press.



AN OWNER OF FOUR: LADY MOOR WITH HER TEAM OF LITTLE PEKINGESE.

Congratulations! The bankruptcy of Captain the Hon. Gerald Oakley Cadogan, "commonly known as Viscount Chelsea," is annulled, his debts having been paid in full. The settlement of the case is very timely, and Viscount Chelsea's friends, are as well pleased as his creditors. But why "commonly known as Viscount Chelsea"? Now that he is no longer harassed by bankruptcy proceedings and the prospect of a public examination (the horrors of which Mr. Wells has well described) it is probable that Lord Cadogan's heir will be a more conspicuous figure in the world, and commonly called by his courtesy title; but, considering that till within a few months ago it was borne by a little boy, who was tolerably well known, despite his tender years, and that since then it has hardly been in use, the writer of the bankruptcy report seems to have hit upon the wrong phrase.

Two Summers. The Gaekwar of Baroda, who has been paying a State visit to the King, marvels at the un-

ruliness of the English summer as much as he marvels at the heat he found in New York before he came to England. Even on the passage in the *Mauretania* for three days after she left America the heat was unbearable, and the Gaekwar's party, including the Maharanee, thought that a certain palace courtyard in India, full of shadows and fans, and the breezes of fans, would have been much cooler than the sweltering decks of the liner. The young lady of the party was quite the most lovely person on board, and she and the Maharanee both wisely wore the silks of their native land.



LIKE PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT: LADY EVELYN COTTERELL'S CARNONS LUCHEE WITH HIS MISTRESS.

An English Welcome.

Only less beautiful than our Indian visitor was a Japanese bride who, gowned by Paquin and hatted in ospreys, was a figure to be admired even by the Society for the Protection of Wild Birds and by those who hate to see the Japanese discarding their national draperies. But why do English people still stand and stare at their country's allies? Fortunately, it is part of a Japanese gentleman's education to learn how to seem pleased under any circumstances, and when the boat-train from the *Mauretania* pulled up in Cardiff and the platform loungers, pressing their faces to the windows, pointed grimy fingers at the strangers within, the men of the Japanese party covered the embarrassment—to use a mild term—of their ladies by returning the stare of the intruders with a torrent of smiles and nods.

SOME FISHY SUBJECTS, AND A CLOCK OF SKULLS.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!")



THE FISH WHOSE PROBOSCIS IS MADE INTO BASEBALLS; A SCHOOL OF PORPOISES OFF THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA.

It may not be generally known that one of the chief uses of the porpoise, from the human point of view (doubtless there are others, from the point of view of the porpoise), is in the making of baseballs. The proboscis, which is elastic like rubber, is used to make the core or centre of the ball. More than fifty porpoises appear in the photograph, but about two-thirds of the school are under water.—[Photograph by C. L. Edholm.]



RECALLING WHAT TIME BRINGS US ALL TO: A CLOCK SET IN SKULLS.

It would be hardly possible to use a clock such as this without being impressed, every time one looked at it, with a sense of the transitory nature of time. As Tennyson says, "the clock beats out the little lives of men."

Photograph by Jacques Boyer.



OUT OF HIS ELEMENT: A SALMON LEAPING UP A LABRADOR WATERFALL TO REACH ITS SPAWNING GROUND.

In spawning-time salmon return from the sea up the rivers to the place where they were born. In their frantic efforts to swim up-stream and over rapids they become bruised and emaciated.

Photograph by Inkersley



SUITABLE FOR NATIVES OF WHITSTABLE: A CLOCK THAT SUGGESTS SUPPER-TIME.

A clock whose hands consist of a knife and fork, and on which the hours are marked on empty oyster-shells, and the face decorated with slices of lemon, must always, for natives of Whitstable, at least, point to one hour—namely, supper-time.

Photograph by Jacques Boyer.



"A MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES" ON THE COAST OF MALABAR: THE CATCH IN THE NET.

It is fortunate for the people of India, where famine so often rages, that the surrounding seas teem with edible fish. Our photographs illustrate a catch on the coast of Malabar, in the south-west of India.—[Photograph by Halfones.]



"FOR TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY": THE GREAT CATCH SAFELY LANDED.

The jovial monks who sang "For to-morrow will be Friday, so we'll fish the stream to-day," would have rejoiced to see, on a Thursday, such a catch as that shown in our photograph.—[Photograph by Halfones.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

Tom Tiddler's Ground Deserted.

Probably all those people who enjoy the privilege of writing weekly articles about the theatre have been keeping in reserve for an article the fact that during this season the London stage has been almost free from the customary invasion of foreigners. For many years past our theatres have been a kind of Tom Tiddler's ground, upon which French players have picked up barrels full of money, but in the 1909-10 season the French artists have held aloof. The fact is quite remarkable. To the best of my belief, during my twenty years—and more—of dramatic criticism, no season has passed without some French company visiting us, and, indeed, in almost every year of this period the ever-young Bernhardt has graced London with her presence. In her unique case, the space of time might be extended, for it was thirty-one years ago that she had a triumph at the Gaiety in "Phèdre," and very few seasons have passed since then without our enjoying her presence among us. Of course, there have been many other frequent visitors, such, for instance, as Réjane, who has appeared very often. This year, however, she has honoured the Hippodrome—not the ordinary theatre. It is needless to name the other French players popular in London who have ignored our stage. I wonder why? There must be some reason; the pity is that one cannot find a convincing one that is very gratifying to our pride. I am not one of those who admit that, on the whole, the acting of Paris is better than the acting of London; but to pretend that the foreigners have stayed away for fear of suffering by comparison with our players would be absurd. No one could prove to the very humblest Continental player that he is inferior to our best; no wise person would try to do so.

Some Visitors.

We have not been entirely deserted by the Continentals. For instance, under the auspices of the Afternoon Theatre, a Russian actress, Mme. Yavorskaia—otherwise, I understand, the Princess Bariatinsky—appeared with a company of her compatriots at His Majesty's and gave some brilliant performances of "Hedda Gabler," "La Dame aux Camélias," and "Ivan le Terrible" in her native tongue, which is a little out of the range of most of us. Also, at about the same time, we had "Medea," in Greek, at Terry's Theatre, presented by Miss Smilton and a Greek company, with a chorus of English ladies: the temperature of the Thames was not affected by this enterprise. Moreover, the surprising Sicilians paid us a visit. They are not unlikely to prove a hardy annual so long as Signor Grasso retains his wonderful power. This year we missed from the troupe Signora Mimi Aguglia, whose place was taken by Signora Bragaglia, an actress of great talent. There are

reasons for believing that their season during the Spring at the Lyric Theatre was successful. These form all the elements of the foreign invaders of importance, unless, indeed, one takes into account the appearance of Mme. Yvette Guilbert at the Palace, and the shoals of Russian dancers who have greatly embellished the programmes of the music-halls. I regret that it has not been possible to arrange for a combination of them and a presentation in a large theatre, for, with all respect to the music-halls, it must be said that the work of these dancers is too fine for the circumstances under which it has been presented, and one would wish to see their beautiful art under more favourable conditions.

The French and Germans.

Already I have referred to the fact that our French friends have held aloof. What about the German theatre? For some time past there has been a more vigorous intellectual movement on the German stage than on almost any other, and year after year we have seen efforts to establish in London a German theatre with which were associated the names of Herren Andresen and Behrend. Has this effort been a failure? Apparently. At any rate, 1909-10 has given us no evidence of the existence of the German players, and comparatively little of German dramatists. One thing I have forgotten. We were promised "Chantecler," with the original French company. Our bravest actor-managers had fought shy of the glorious task of presenting an English version of the most wonderfully boomed play on record, but Drury Lane was to have opened its huge, hospitable doors to the French company. The pleasure of seeing them has been postponed, I think, *sine die*.

The Americans.

Some people—and I among them—cannot look upon our American cousins as foreigners, but, technically speaking, they are, from the theatrical as well as a legal point of view. This year we have seen comparatively little of them, though, of course, more than of the other foreigners. No new American "star" has appeared on our boards. Mr. Henry Miller, who presented "The Great Divide" and "The Servant in the House," has acquired his reputation in the States, but is an Englishman. Miss Fay Davis, Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Pauline Chase, and Miss Dorothy Dix have acted amongst us; but they might be called Anglo-Americans, since their reputation has been earned mainly on these shores. There remains Miss Marie Doro, a genuine American "star," who appeared in a real American enterprise at the Comedy Theatre and was supported very ably by two American players, Mr. Russ-Whytal and Mr. E. Pinto; but "The Climax" was of no great quality, and did not stay long with us.



A DAUGHTER OF EVE IN PERIL FROM A SERPENT: MISS CHRISTINE SILVER, NOW PLAYING ENID STONOR IN "THE SPECKLED BAND."

In Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's thrilling Sherlock Holmes play, "The Speckled Band," now running at the Adelphi, Enid Stonor is in danger of being murdered by means of a venomous snake. The would-be murderer is baffled by the ingenuity of Sherlock.



ENID AND GERAIN? MISS CHRISTINE SILVER AND A PET TERRIER. Miss Christine Silver (in private life Mrs. Walter Maxwell) made her first appearance in London as Nibs, in "Peter Pan," at the Duke of York's, in 1904. She has since appeared in various plays, including "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" (with Ellen Terry), "Irene Wycherley" (with Lena Ashwell), "Diana of Dobson's," and, as Olive Bruton, in "Sir Anthony."—[Photographs by Ellis and Walery.]

A COVENT GARDEN SINGER TO PLAY THE DOLLAR PRINCESS.



MISS ALICE O'BRIEN,
Of the Opéra Comique and Covent Garden, who will temporarily take Miss Lily Elsie's part.

Miss Alice O'Brien, who sang last year with such success at Covent Garden, and was a favourite at the Opéra Comique in Paris, a theatre renowned for its prime donne, has been engaged by Mr. George Edwardes to appear in Miss Lily Elsie's part in "The Dollar Princess." The new-comer to Daly's Theatre is to remain until Miss Lily Elsie returns from her month's holiday.—[Photograph by Dover Street Studios.]

KEYNOTES

RAOUL LAPARRA AND "LA HABANERA."

EARLY in 1908, "La Habanera" was produced at the Opéra Comique in Paris, and most favourably received. It is the work of a young Spaniard, Raoul Laparra, who came to Paris from the Basque provinces to study music, and was fortunate enough to gain the coveted Prix de Rome. This valuable award dates from 1803, and the winner is enabled to reside in Italy at the Government's expense, the only conditions imposed being the composition of certain musical works within a stated time. "La Habanera" is the most important work Laparra has yet written; it was promised for last year's Grand Season at Covent Garden, but the promise could not be redeemed until a few days ago. The composer has written his own book, which is in three acts and a prologue, this last being omitted from the performance in London. The story sets out the love of two brothers, Ramon and Pedro, for Pilar. Pedro's suit is accepted, and Ramon, in despair, contemplates suicide. On the marriage-day, when the friends of the betrothed are dancing a habanera, the rather indecent dance with song accompaniment introduced into Spain, via Cuba, from Africa, the two brothers, who are left alone, quarrel. Ramon stabs Pedro, who, before he dies, warns his brother that within a year his ghost will appear to him, "alors ton cœur reconnaîtra les sons de la Habanera." Ramon hurries from the room, and when the dance ended, Pilar returns with her friends, they find Pedro murdered. On Ramon's arrival his despair and stupefaction are taken for signs of grief and affection, and he is sworn to avenge the dead.

The second act takes place in a *patio* that might have been brought from Spain, the little group round the *brasero* being wonderfully well arranged. Three blind beggars, who seem to have stepped from the pages of Maeterlinck, claim admission to the house and, in return for the hospitality they receive, play the familiar Habanera. The ghost of Pedro, visible to nobody save Ramon, appears behind the blind men to warn the murderer that on the morrow he will take Pilar to his grave. The third act, another marvel of stage treatment, takes us to a country graveyard. Apparently it is the close of the day of "Todos los Santos," when Spaniards visit their dead, for the place is full of mourners, and there is a striking funeral procession, across whose prayers the music of the Habanera breaks, reminding us of the fashion in which the strains from the Venus-burg cross the prayer of the pilgrims in "Tannhäuser." Ramon tries to confess to Pilar, but cannot do so; she, overcome with grief and anxiety, falls across the dead man's grave and dies, while Ramon rushes away distracted. A sad story enough, but wonderfully dramatic, and faithful from first to last to the spirit of melancholy that broods over the Basque provinces, a part of Spain in which life seems ever sombre and severe.

The music that accompanies the drama is splendidly written, and with fullest knowledge of modern orchestral possibilities; there

is ample melody, and the composer's mastery over counterpoint is revealed in striking fashion. It is said that M. Laparra directed several of the rehearsals at Covent Garden, and the result of his efforts, backed up by the ample scenic resources of the house, is a work in which everything save the words, which are in French, is absolutely Spanish. Even the dresses, which in so many operas make concession to what is so quaintly termed the public taste, are quite correct here, and the interpretation could not be bettered.

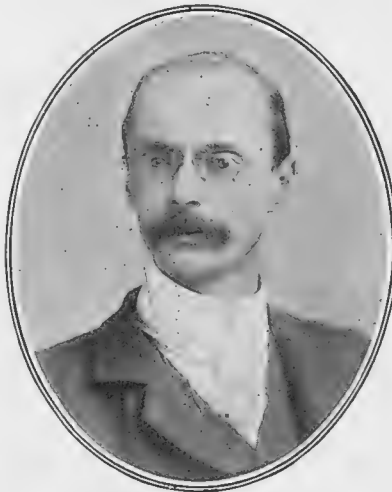
Mlle. Demellier is in the very spirit of the rôle of Pilar; we hope she will be heard again at Covent Garden. It is hardly necessary to say that the Pedro of M. Dalmorès is a striking performance, for this fine artist is always reliable. The Ramon of M. Bourbon is excellent. Small parts are well played, and even the nameless chorus that labours so conscientiously deserves the heartiest congratulation. To appreciate "La Habanera" to the full, one must remember the regionalism of Spain—the truth that north, south, east, and west are separated one from the other by barriers of thought and tradition that no national interest has succeeded in removing since the era of the Napoleonic invasion, so that what is true of life in the north does not apply to laughter-loving Seville, whence come Bizet's "Carmen," and Rossini's "Barber," and Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro." M. Laparra has made no concessions: he is too conscientious, or, should one say, too young an artist to depart from what he knows to be true merely in order to give people what they expect to see. His sole concern would seem to have been the presentation of a certain aspect of the regional life he knows so well, and he has done no more to heighten his stage-effects than by giving a definite and tangible form to Ramon's visions. The result is a work that can hope for no popularity among those who are still concerned with the out-of-date trivialities of the late Georgian and early Victorian operas; nor will it appeal greatly to those who prefer the more sensuous appeal of modern Italy. But there should be an audience for work that reveals such great promise and so much remarkable achievement, that is finely

representative of a national genius still well-nigh unknown in London. We have yet to enjoy the wealth that Spanish

musicians have given to their own country, not only in Grand Opera, but in the lighter works, called "Zarzuelas," that preserve to the nation so many of the old folk-songs and dances that without them had been lost. Spanish opera is new to London, despite the fact that the French composer, Georges Bizet, introduced many Spanish airs into "Carmen"; and if it is to thrive here and add to the limited resources of our opera-houses, we must in fairness give it careful

and repeated hearing and a chance to thrive. Certainly the production of Raoul Laparra's work marks a very definite step in the right direction, and Covent Garden deserves congratulations, however belated.

COMMON CHORD.



THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN COMPOSER TO HAVE AN OPERA PRODUCED IN LONDON: MR. G. H. CLUTSAM, WHOSE "A SUMMER NIGHT" WAS PRODUCED BY MR. THOMAS BEECHAM AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Clutsam, whose opera, "A Summer Night," was pronounced an unqualified success on its production at His Majesty's, is a practised composer of Australian origin. Although he has had an opera produced in Germany, no operatic work of his had hitherto been heard in a London house. The subject of Mr. Clutsam's opera was taken from a tale in the *Heptameron*, rather modified to suit an English audience.

Photograph by Hayles.



THE TROMBONE INSTEAD OF THE TOMAHAWK: A BAND OF RED INDIANS.

It is curious to think, after the novels of Fenimore Cooper, that there should exist a band for the ordinary forms of music composed of the tribes that we connect more with ideas of tomahawks and war-paint than with sounds of harmony. The band consists of twenty-two genuine Red Indians of the Sioux, Crow, Oneida, Seneca, Tuscarora, Pueblo and Cheyenne tribes.

Photograph by Fuchs.

A "LLOYD" OFF HIS MIND.



THE OLD DEAR (to her mate): How's this for the family rebate off your income tax, old boy?

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

HOW TO MAKE BURGLARS CLIMB UP THE SIDE OF A HOUSE, AND COFFEE POUR OUT ITSELF: CINEMATOGRAPH TRICKS EXPOSED.



1. THE BURGLAR CLIMBING UP THE SIDE OF A HOUSE; AN EASY TASK BEFORE IT COMES ON THE SCREEN.
3. THE PAPER-HANGER THAT STICKS TO THE CEILING WHILE HE WORKS; THE EXPLANATION OF HIS ADHESIVE FACULTIES.

2. THE COFFEE POURS OUT ITSELF. THE SECRET OF ITS MAGIC.
4. HOW A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A CHANNEL FLIGHT IS OBTAINED.

With regard to photographs 1 and 3, the method of obtaining the illusion is self-evident. In presenting the scenes to the public, the pictures are merely reversed, and the burglar, instead of crawling along the floor, is seen climbing up the perpendicular front of a house; the paper-hanger appears to be crawling about the ceiling like a fly, while the man who is really suspended by his feet appears to be standing up and holding a paint-pot for him to dip his brush in. The furniture and pictures are upside down. The coffee-pot in photograph 2 was kept in the air by means of thin threads, which were painted out of the photographs before the scene was presented to the audience. In the scene (No. 4) showing an aeroplane crossing the Channel, a tin tank painted blue and filled with water represented the "Silver Streak," with two gypsum casts for England and France. Tiny little boats represented war-vessels, while an electric ventilator made the necessary breeze to move the surface of the water.

THE MAN THAT STICKS TO THE CEILING LIKE A FLY.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE ILLUSION OF THE CINEMATOGRAPH.



AS IT IS PRODUCED BEFORE THE PUBLIC, BUT IN REALITY A PHOTOGRAPH THAT IS PUBLISHED UPSIDE-DOWN.

In order to show how this ingenious illusion is obtained, we print the above photograph to show how the scene presents itself to the audience, but if our readers will just turn the page upside-down, they will at once see the simple explanation of an apparent miracle. It will then be obvious that the man photographed was not sticking to the ceiling, but standing on his head on the floor, while, in order to complete the illusion, the pictures were hung upside-down on the walls, a table, chair, and other objects were suspended from the real ceiling, and a chandelier was hung upside-down above the floor,

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

A PERSIAN "MADAME CHRYSANTHÈME" IN A SETTING OF REVOLUTION.

IT might not have been easy to convey a general idea of a book * which glitters with many different facets of interest, and in which the hues of fact and fiction melt into one another somewhat bewilderingly. Fortunately, Mr. Douglas Sladen has done it for us in his preface. "The public may remember," he writes, "that I collaborated with Eustache de Lorey in 'Queer Things About Persia.' When he told me of the journal of the late Edouard Valmont, his colleague, who was in Teheran during the Persian Revolution, which had come into his hands, I said, 'Let's make a book of it. If I am not mistaken the public will read it with the same relish as Pierre Loti's wonderful "Madame Chrysanthème."'



THE VEIL LIFTED: BIBI MÂH DRESSED AS A BOY TO VISIT HER LOVER IN HIS GARDEN.

"It was Bibi Mâh! . . . The disguise changed her without in the least detracting from her sweet femininity. Nay, the long flowing lines of her *koflan* recalled the costume of our women-kind far more nearly than do the too scanty ballet skirts proper to the *andêrûn*. . . She was strangely lovely thus, but there was a pout on her lips."

mandy. . . . But while Valmont was sunning himself in the smiles of Yvonne de Basqueville and Bibi Mâh, he suddenly found himself confronted with stupendous events. . . . The Revolution . . . is for ever breaking into the philanderings of Valmont in that Eastern Garden."

At this point a certain suspicion enters the reader's mind as to whether this Valmont was a real person, or whether he and his diary are not merely fictitious inventions designed to convey actual experiences (it seems evident that *somebody* had the experiences) in an attractive and untrammelled literary form—this in spite of the fact that a photograph entitled "Edouard Valmont" appears among the illustrations. "The reminiscences," we are told, "end abruptly" . . . "It is possible that there were others lost in the confusion of his assassination."

Had our friend Valmont been a real person, one feels that the circumstances of his taking off would have been particularised, but this dark statement appears to be the only allusion thereto. Was his *liaison* with Bibi Mâh discovered in the end, and was his death the belated penalty for violating the sanctity of the harem? These are questions to which no answer is vouchsafed.

It is not long before we learn the

* "The Moon of the Fourteenth Night." Being the Private Life of an Unmarried Diplomat in Persia During the Revolution. Made into a Book by Eustache de Lorey and Douglas Sladen. (Hurst and Blackett.)

significance of the word "moon" in the book's title. Yvonne is telling Valmont that the Persian girls have been curious about him. "They cannot understand how a personage whose wealth and importance must be considerable, since he has been chosen by the 'King' of France to represent him at the Court of the Centre of the Universe, does not possess a wife—even a temporary wife!" Valmont asks for the name of his *inamorata*. "Curiosity! Her name is Bibi Mâh—Lady Moon," "the full moon—that 'Moon of the Fourteenth Night' of which the poets sing!"

The Lily—her breast—hath stolen Repose
from my heart;
The Narcissus—her eye—hath stolen
Wisdom from my head;
Oh, my Heart, my Heart, my Heart!
For she is fair as the Moon,
The Moon of the Fourteenth Night.

So the successive appearances of the lovely Bibi Mâh, in the progress of the amorous Valmont's intrigue, are likened to the lunar phases, the book being divided into Part I. New Moon, Part II. First Quarter, Part III. Full Moon, and Part IV. Last Quarter.

There is no room here to record these glimpses of the moon, the stolen meetings, the kisses—stolen or otherwise—the thrilling adventures and escapes; no room either to tell of Valmont's other love, Yvonne. "She is my intellectual passion," I told myself, "and if my heart belongs entirely to *the other one*, my mind is altogether hers. This is a kind of polygamy not foreseen by Mahomet, and necessitating no harem."

There is a note of tragedy in the love story of Bibi Mâh; there is tragedy, too, in the political side of the book, on which we have but briefly touched—that dealing with the Persian Revolution. One grim episode must suffice as an example. "Kill especially the young men," cries the reactionary Mulla Ibrahim to a fanatical crowd, "who have drawn their education from European sources; kill whosoever weareth a starched collar and carrieth a stick!" And straightway a "Starched-Collarite," a young Constitutionalist standing by, and wearing this symbol of progress, is lynched with horrible barbarity.

"An indescribable stampede followed. In a moment a hundred blows fell on the unfortunate 'Starched-Collarite,' who sank down, bleeding, his skull shattered, all covered with brains. The sight of blood rousing the savage instincts of the roughs, they fell, like vultures, upon the still warm body, one tearing off his clothes, another appropriating his money, a third taking his watch, down to his very shoes; whilst a small schoolboy, derider of liberty, took possession of his stick, to which, by means of the yellow tie, stained now with blood and brains, he fixed the emblematical starched collar, which he raised towards heaven as a trophy. The Cossacks, his friends of a moment before, looked on unconcernedly, smoking the while *his* cigarettes."

This murder is the gruesome subject of one of the various pictures reproduced from Persian newspapers, which, with photographs and old Persian prints, form the illustrations of this engrossing book.



LIKE "A PENSIVE NUN DEVOUT AND PURE": THE OUTDOOR DRESS OF A PERSIAN WOMAN.



LIKE A BALLERINA OF THE ALHAMBRA OR THE EMPIRE: THE INDOOR DRESS OF A PERSIAN WOMAN.

Reproduced, with the other illustrations on this page, from "The Moon of the Fourteenth Night," by Eustache de Lorey and Douglas Sladen, by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

THE LIGHT OF REASON.



DOCTOR: Now, tell me, Mrs. Jones, has your husband had any lucid intervals since my last visit; that is, has he been really talking sensibly?

MRS. JONES: Lor' yes, Sir. Why, for over a hour this mornin' he was shoutin' out that you was an old fool and didn't know your business.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE OTHER MAN'S WIFE; A TALE OF THE JUNGLE.

By ANDRUL.

ALL day the axes swung, outraging the unusually silent forest, and the doomed trees, one by one, with rending crash, bore through the neighbouring boughs, bringing their wealth of creepers with them to the ground. Khem Sing Negi's axe was busiest of all, and, wielded by his powerful arms, cleaved its way through bark and fibre in deadly earnest. He worked, as he lived, apart. The others of the party kept more or less together, or went in threes and fours, helping on the work with laughter and song and all the irresponsible happiness of the Indian hill-folk. Only one man of the gang counted Khem Sing Negi friend, and that was Jawahir Sing Rawat, whose own bright disposition and consequent popularity hindered the friendship making any great progress. To-day, too, Jawahir Sing Rawat had remained in the little encampment of huts, suffering from the forest-fever which ever wages war on the invaders of the green solitudes.

Skilful as strong, Khem Sing Negi earned good money as a woodcutter. He stood now, shifting his weight from thigh to thigh as the axe flew from shoulder to tree, the muscles playing under his russet skin, the dew of a manly sweat on his brow, a sight for the gods and for women. Khem Sing Negi had a certain amount of respect for the gods; he cared nothing for women, and held aloof from them.

How it happened the woodcutter himself never knew, but one of his swinging cuts fell false, glanced from the tree, and laid his left leg open to the bone. It was a ghastly wound, and he recognised that here was something beyond his usual independence. Tearing off a strip from his clothing, he bound up the gaping flesh as best he could, and then limped painfully through the forest towards Jawahir Sing Rawat's hut. This same was a shelter of orchid-laden boughs, put together with considerable if rude skill, and the doorless entrance was a standing invitation to visitors. Khem Sing Negi walked in with a greeting to his friend, but the latter was not there—only his wife, who sat on the floor stitching some gaudy embroidery on a black velvet bodice. She looked up with surprise, not unmingled with gladness—love affairs in the East are rapid in their progress, and she never doubted that her undeniable charms had brought from the forest this man, whose physical beauty she had long noticed.

"Where is Jawahir?" he asked, without paying any attention to her or her looks.

"Gone to the forest."

"I heard that he had the shivering."

"True; but it left him two hours since, and he has gone to cut wood. Do you want him? You've hurt yourself!" She had only just noticed the dripping of the blood—her eyes had hitherto been busy with his face.

"I've cut my leg, and want Jawahir to bandage it for me," he said. "Which direction did he go in?"

"How do I know? Perhaps north, south, east, or west." Ah, little liar! Well you knew the very track your lord had followed. "I will bandage it for you."

Khem Sing Negi knew that it was fitting that womenfolk should thus serve and minister to men, but his dislike for the sex made him forego the service, and his reply was brutal in its contempt: "No; I go to seek Jawahir." But pride, though it often as not prevails against physical pain at the outset, is worn down in a long struggle, and the hillman became suddenly aware of a chill sweat on his temples, a fluttering in his ears, a haziness of vision. He staggered, swayed. The woman was on her feet in a second, her arms about him, and he realised the sweetness of yielding will, consciousness—everything, as he sank gently to the ground. Strong beyond her appearance—as, indeed, most hillwomen are—she laid him tenderly down. Then she looked at him, letting her eyes wander from one feature to another, from limb to limb, noting the lithe muscles, the quiescent strength. She lifted her skirt, and with

a corner of it brushed the moisture from his brow. He never stirred. She approached her lips nearer and nearer to those of the unconscious man, her breath—sweet as new-drawn milk—fanning his nostrils with passion-hurried respirations. When their mouths met she almost forgot all in the intoxication of the moment, but, like the true Eastern woman, however violent her passion when she gave it full rein, she could always control it should she so desire. She rose from the ground, took a small mirror from off the stump of a bough, and carefully studied her personal appearance in it. With a few deft touches to her hair she gained the effect she desired, then considered how to help the man. The sequence of her actions was typical of the woman. First the unbridling of her passion, then the thoughtful arrangement for the man's subjection, and, after, consideration for his welfare. This last would always rank low in her dealings with men. She was Nature's child, a mere savage, an elementary human animal.

She left the hut, taking with her a bowl, and brought it back filled from a small stream that splashed from rock to rock as it sped to the river, which was but a short distance from the encampment. The man was stirring, his eyelids fluttering as his senses returned. She sat on the ground and removed the blood-stained bandage. The appearance of the wound had no effect on her, who was accustomed to the sight of blood, and who, unmoved, would look on at the slaughter of an animal. With all the cool ease of a surgeon, she contemplated the gaping flesh, and considered what she had best do. She prepared her bandages, and again went into the forest, returning with a handful of leaves. With a tenderness that seemed strange in such a personality, she bathed the poor leg, and drew the edges of the wound together. The pain of this operation, careful as she was, brought the man fully back to consciousness. He watched her fingers as she placed the leaves round the cut and bandaged them on. He noticed that they were pretty hands, and that the fingers were absurdly small in comparison with his own, while her profusion of brilliant rings gave his Oriental mind a sense of pleasure. As she finished the last knot she looked up at him, and their eyes met. It was the man who looked away with a sense of shame, and the woman smiled gladly.

"Tell me how you did it," she said.

"I know not," he answered. This new sensation did not lend him eloquence. "I am going."

"You must come to-morrow to have the wound re-dressed, otherwise it will fester, and you will have to go to hospital, and they will cut off your leg. I know these things, and am saying true. Also, I understand what medicine-leaves to bind on the wound that it may get well."

"Good," he said at length. "I will come."

"Come at nine o'clock."

"Good," he repeated; "I will come," and walked out into the green light of the forest.

She was not ill-pleased with his discourtesy. She had the instinct of her sex, and she knew that success would be to her in the battle to come.

"Salaam, Khem Sing Negi!" she called after him, with a laugh in her voice.

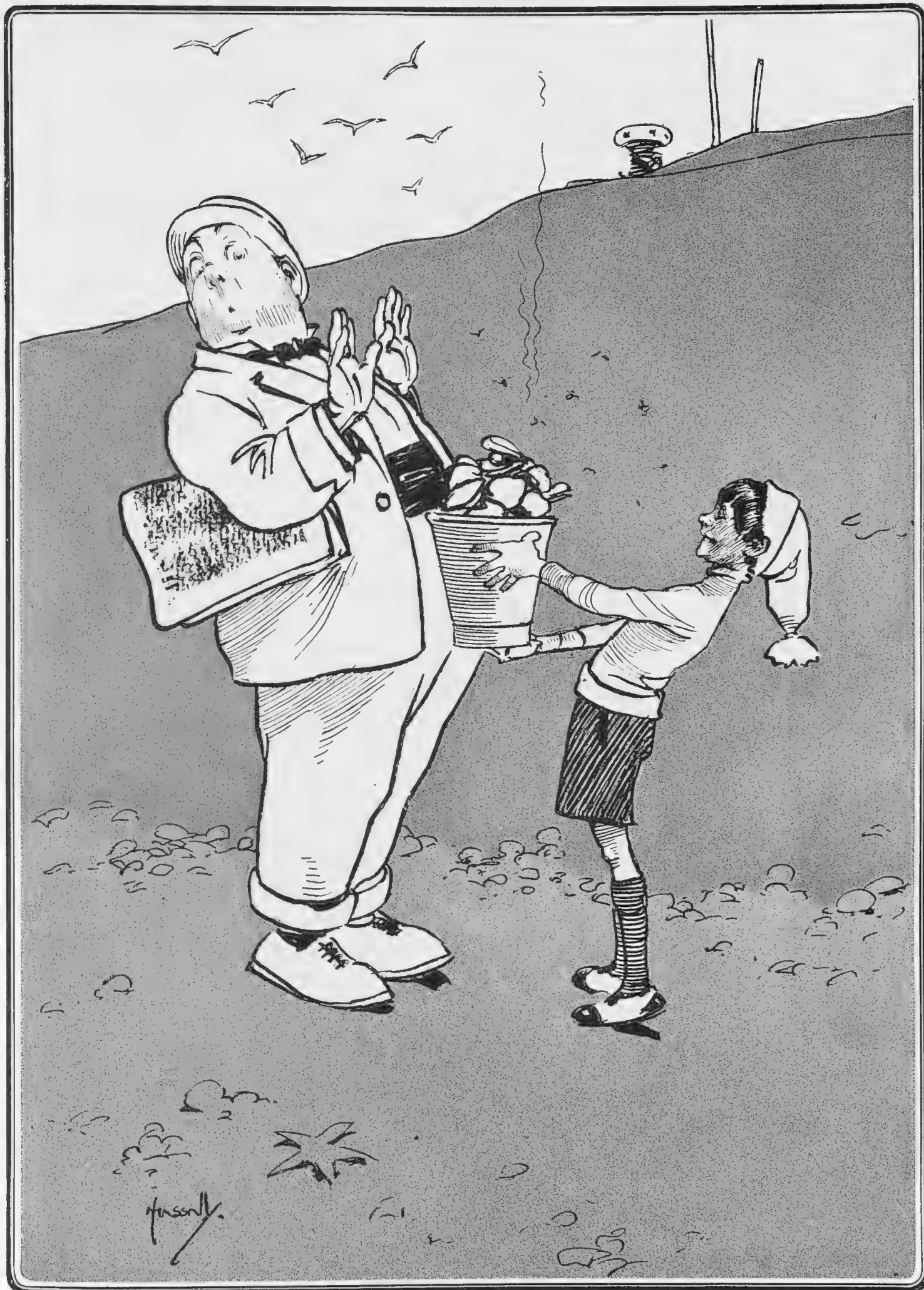
"Salaam!" he growled in return.

She went back to her sewing, singing blithely. He went back to his hut, and, for the first time, realised the solitude of it, the discomfort of having to prepare and cook his food with his own hands.

Day after day did Khem Sing Negi look out of his hut like a criminal, peering this way and that to see if any were about before he slunk noiselessly through the jungle to the hut of Jawahir Sing Rawat. The woman noticed his avoidance of the footpaths, and laughed softly to herself. She was stronger than his shame, and was bending his will to her desire.

(Continued overleaf.)

Some Headings to Our City Notes.



NO. II.—SHELLS WERE PROMINENTLY STRONG.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

It was not until the wound was nearly healed—until, indeed, the daily dressing might well have been dispensed with—that Khem Sing Negi committed himself. He was watching her hands, as he had unconsciously grown fond of doing, whilst they busied themselves with the leaves and bandages. He felt impelled to seize them in his own, and, wondering why she should have this effect on him, let his eyes run critically upwards from her waist, travelling from one beauty to another. She looked up and smiled into his eyes, and, though discomforted at her glance, he felt his heart beat faster with a strange sense of excitement, of exhilaration. She went on with her bandaging, but, with apparent carelessness, moved her leg until her foot lay on the palm of his hand. He scanned her face to interpret what this new move might mean; but she was absorbed in her task, and he was fain to believe her unconscious of what she had done. He stole a shy look at the foot, then his eyes again sought her face. No; she was too busy to heed what he did. He might look where he pleased.

He had never noticed her feet before. The same sense of contrast with which he had regarded her hand on that first day held him now, and as he analysed this sense it was borne in upon him how beautiful a human foot could be. Hers was like a child's, with a shapely, rosy plumpness, and the little toes straight as her fingers. Unknowing what he was doing, he closed his hand on it, and confirmed with his touch what his vision had told him. He raised his hand—with what purpose he did not realise. Then recollection flooded him, and he let hand and foot sink gently to the ground again. He blushed as his eyes sought her face to see if she was conscious of what he had been doing, but of course my lady was supremely unconscious. All her attention was being given to the bandaging. He grew bolder. The foot was raised—higher still—yet higher—a quick glance to reassure himself that she was not noticing his actions, and then—what did he care? She was a woman; he was a man. He realised her femininity and his own manhood simultaneously; the foot was at his lips. In the vigour of his manhood for the first time he tasted the sweetness of abandon. She laughed at him: "Is it only my foot that seems good to my lord?"

She had won the fight.

Jawahir Sing Rawat ate well after his hard day's work in the open, and slept the sleep of the tired man whose digestion is good. The soft rustle of the woman Kali's garments, the gentle tink-tink of her ornaments, and the stealthy tread of the wayward little feet never penetrated his slumbering consciousness, as, night after night, she set forth to her lover's hut. She had fought a good fight, and was tasting to the full the sweets of her victory. But surely the days were flying by, and the portion of the forest leased to the contractor had nearly been cleared of its trees. Kali saw that her idyll must end unless she could bend events to her purpose.

She boldly requested Khem Sing Negi to carry her off as the spoils of war, but he said: "I cannot do this thing—Jawahir is my friend." At which she would laugh and ask: "And I? What am I to thee, dear one?" Upon which he would feel black shame. He endeavoured to salve his conscience and to quell her arguments by stating that as long as they were careful to hide all knowledge of their intrigue from the husband he suffered nought, on our principle that the heart grieves not for the unseen. Then she would goad him almost to madness, telling him that he was afraid of Jawahir, that he had no sense of manhood. As suddenly, she would extol his glorious strength, and compare him with her sleeping lord, and hint how easily he could have and hold her against him.

Khem Sing Negi's wit worked slowly, and he—like many others have done before him, and will do long after him—honestly believed that the one commandment that mattered was: "Thou shalt not be found out." Things might have ended quietly in a separation when the camp broke up; but it was Kali, and she was of the storm rather than of the calm. In her anxiety she grew careless; she neglected precautions, with the inevitable result. Plenty of her women-friends, who would gladly have taken her part in the little drama, felt a virtuous glow when whispers flew round; and that she should have succeeded in securing this particular man, with all his physical attractions and his wealth, did not tend to lessen their resentment nor to allay that glow. They began to take counsel together, and, as the outcome of their united wisdom, determined that Jawahir Sing Rawat should be apprised of what was going on.

Accordingly, one morning, while the tree-cutting was in progress, the husband of one of the conspirators told his friend exactly how matters stood. The effect on Jawahir was magical. His stupidity evaporated, his stolidity slid from him like a garment. Without a word, he turned and tore headlong down the path to the camp.

From afar, Kali saw his coming, and never doubted the cause of it. She rushed from the hut and sped for the river, towards which, earlier in the day, she had seen Khem Sing Negi wend his way. Her heart beat like a hammer, sending the blood pulsing through her ears. Her eyes were wide with panic, her lips dry from the agony of fear, while the terror-sweat stood out in clammy dew on her forehead.

It was a grim race. For her there was no looking round; she measured his gain on her by the sounds, which, in spite of the blood-swish in her ears, came all too clearly to her hearing. The

river came in sight, and near the bank she beheld her lover engaged in packing the logs together ready for floating to their destination hundreds of miles down country.

She screamed with all her might; piercing screams they were, one after the other. Till then the pursuit had been in utter silence. Khem Sing Negi looked up, saw her, saw the fateful figure with the axe clutched with such grim purpose, and sprang ashore. When she saw her lover coming towards her, all terror went from the woman's face. His presence brought her a sense of impossibility of evil. Before she realised how near he was to her, she was in his strong embrace, caught from the ground, and was being borne to the logs where they lay grinding and churning against each other as the current dragged at the rope which, stretched across the river, prevented them from being washed away.

He carried her to the outermost logs, and then leapt lightly to the bank. What cursed fate had made him leave his good axe at home that day? Now there could be no question of a fight; he must fly. It was for the woman's safety he thought; for himself he cared nothing. He seized the rope that secured the logs, and endeavoured to unknot it from the huge stake round which it was tied; but the tension caused by the rush of the stream made this no easy task.

Why had he left his axe behind? It was a case of seconds, and very few of them too, for the husband was less than a hundred yards from him. In desperation he seized the stake and swung his whole strength against it, this way and that, until he felt the fibres of the muscles over his loins stretch. Was it to be useless after all? A sudden slackening of the rope gave him his chance. He slipped the whole of the clumsy coil and knot over the head of the stake, flung it far out into the stream, and leapt from bole to bole towards the woman. A sudden gasp of horror from her made him look round, to see Jawahir in mid-air as he sprang to clear the intervening water. It was a fine jump, the outcome of the frenzy of blood-lust.

He landed on a log, but the impetus of his landing made it shoot away from the main bulk of the trees. For the most part the trees were separate, though in places twos and threes were lashed together; but the majority held together, packed by the current, one against another. Every now and then, a trunk nearest the bank would become detached from the main body and drop behind in the quieter waters, but the great mass went rapidly on.

The man stood in front of the woman as she cowered, both of them facing that other man. Jawahir stood on his single log, poised ready to spring should the current bring him a chance of gaining a foothold on the big mass of trees. A sudden widening of the channel checked the mad career of the wood, and, freed from the continuous pressure of the stream, the trees began to spread out; but the rearmost ones gained on those in advance, and Jawahir was enabled to make his first spring. He stumbled, fell as his feet slipped on the wet bark, but, axe in hand, gripped the bole with his arms, and scrambled on to it. But his slip had retarded his log, and again his further approach was prevented by several yards of water. Khem Sing Negi looked eagerly from trunk to trunk, hoping to find a bough—anything that he could use as a weapon; but the smooth, slippery trees mocked his quest. Jawahir made another spring and gained a landing. Once he had reached the fringe of the main group the end would indeed come quickly. For the first time one of them spoke.

"Kill him!" the woman exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, a whole hell of hate in her voice.

The channel had again contracted as it flowed towards a gorge, and their portion of the logs, feeling first the increase of current, drew ahead. The woman was quick to perceive this, and broke into a wild, exultant, mocking laugh. The banks grew steeper on either side, and the waters ever more rapid. She saw safety, and, by way of a taunt, rose to her feet, threw her arms round her lover, and kissed him again and again, until they were both thrown face downwards by a sudden shock. The logs had jammed in the gorge and were stationary, while those in the rear were being hurled against them like so many battering-rams. There was no escape now, for the high banks gave no foothold for climbing. Then it was that Khem Sing Negi dashed to the edge of the block of logs and tore a sapling from its precarious roothold in a cranny of the rocky sides. He had a weapon now, and not a moment too soon.

Jawahir was on the main jam of trees, and was coming in bounds, zigzagging as the trees necessitated. Khem Sing Negi spoke for the first time. "Fear not!" was all he said. The woman laughed happily back at him, "Oh, loved one!"

There was only one difficult gap intervening between the man and the two, and his patience could not brook waiting for a more favourable opportunity. Crouching down, so as to get full value from his thigh muscles, he eyed the nearest trunk, then made his effort. As he sprang, there was a series of reports like the sound of gunshots, and the jam cleared. Jawahir fell short in amongst all the terrible swirl of that log-strewn stream, while the trees carrying the other man and the woman were sent spinning round and round in the might of the torrent. Khem Sing Negi watched for Jawahir to reappear, then

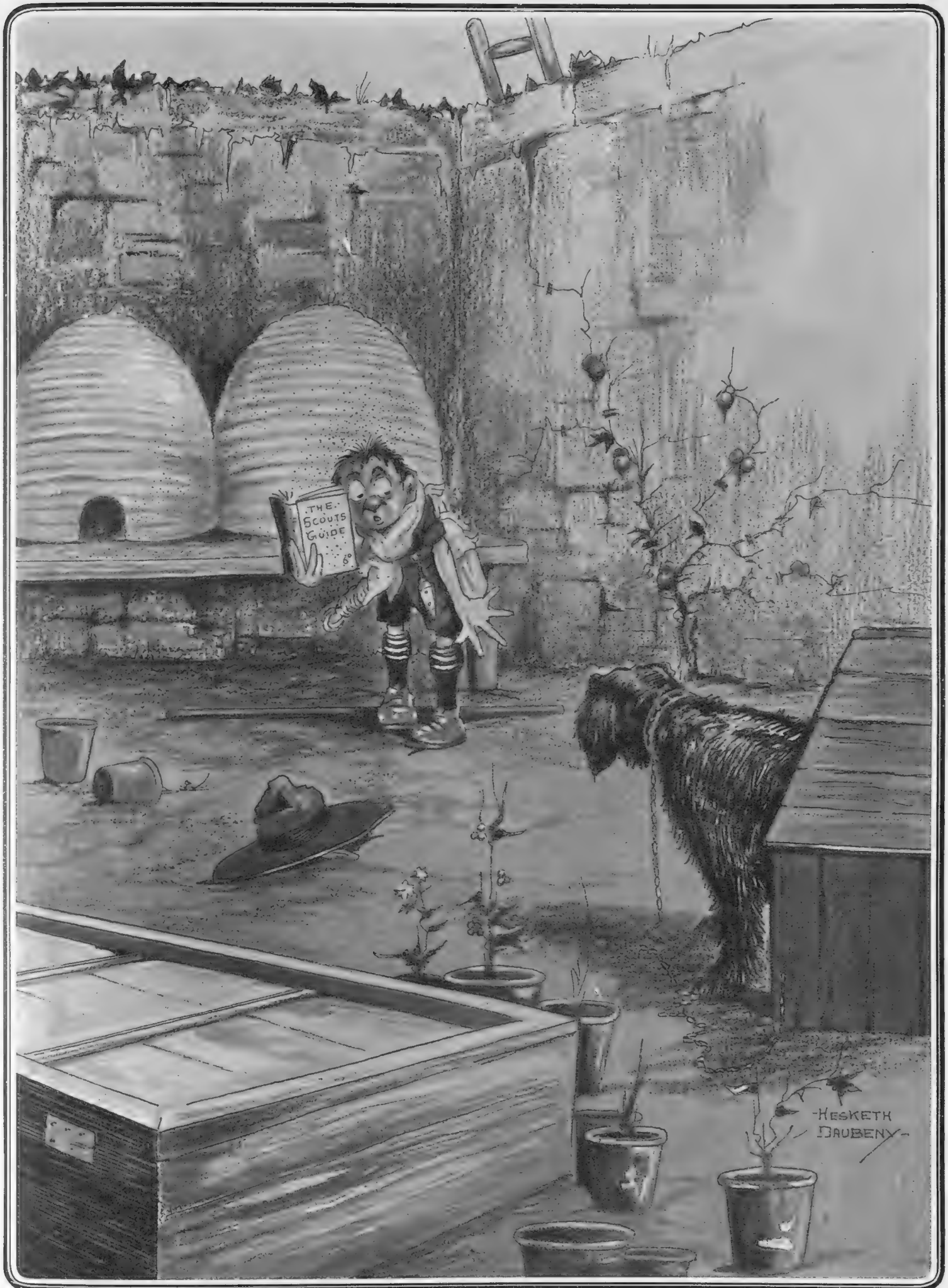
"We have won!" he said.

"Never leave me," said the woman.

"I will never leave you," said the man.

THE END.

SCOUTING THE IDEA OF FLIGHT.



TOMMY TIMS (of the 1st Cuckoo Patrol, who has got himself in a tight corner between the bee-hives and the dog-kennel):

Now, what would "B.P." do?

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.

THE TRAVELS OF THE EYES OF THE READER OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," COMPARED WITH THE HEIGHT OF FAMOUS BUILDINGS.

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Each 2000 feet high.

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Each 2 1-3 miles high.



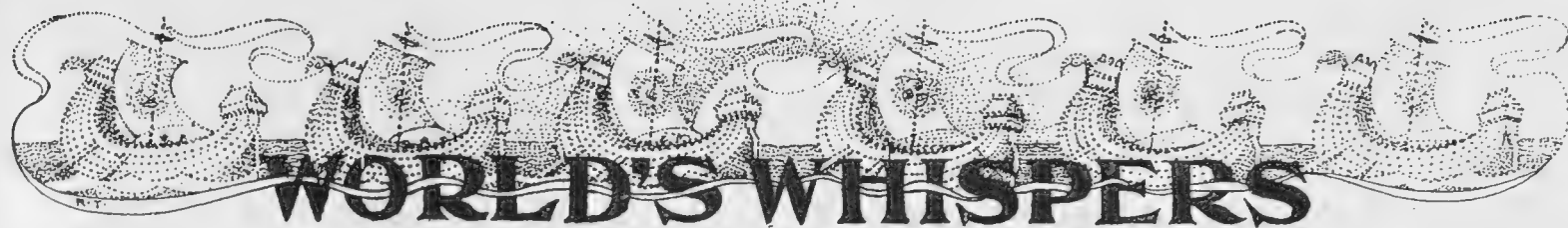
The Eiffel Tower,
985 feet high.

St. Paul's,
365 feet high.

The Great Pyramid,
460 feet high.

St. Peter's, Rome,
435 feet high.

Our Illustration gives a good idea of the great distance that the eyes of the reader of a weekly illustrated newspaper travel during a year. The figures are based on the amount of type and the number of pictures that are presented to a yearly subscriber to our great contemporary, the "Illustrated London News," and show clearly the great value for money the modern developments of the pictorial press enable illustrated newspapers to give their readers. For the insignificant sum of 29s. 3d., the eyes of the careful reader of the "Illustrated London News" would travel over seven miles of type and 4000 feet of pictures. The 29s. 3d. includes postage and the Christmas Number.



WORLD'S WHISPERS

SINCE men have taken to flying, the winds for which the yachtsman whistles are very likely to be unwelcome elsewhere.

A calm that would distress Cowes may well rejoice Lanark. But the Cowes gathering this year is one that would be tolerably happy in any weather. Lord and Lady Acheson's party on the *Caprice*, bought for them by Mr. Ridgely Carter from the Duke of Somerset as a supplement to their already abounding wedding presents, is evidently possessed of high spirits, no matter whether high seas or duck-ponds are ordained. The houses, too, are well filled. Lord and Lady Normanton and their children divide their time between Carlton Villa and the *Allah Karim*; Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Baring have been entertaining at their house, Nubia, and Princess Henry of Battenberg presented quite a sun-burnt, or sun-caressed, countenance to the relatives who joined her in the pleasant little town.

What Address? Kensington Palace would accord very well with the popular sentiment in regard to a residence for Queen Alexandra. It is a palace in a garden in the capital, affording sufficient retirement for the widowed Queen without involving removal from the midst of her people and her son's people. Marlborough House, on the other hand, situate as it is between two streams of traffic that roar an invitation to activity, is essentially a Prince of Wales's mansion, and it is to such uses that it will probably be put again in a few years' time. It is said that the Queen Mother has herself spoken of the fascination that Kensington



ONLY DAUGHTER OF KING PETER; PRINCESS HELEN OF SERBIA.

Princess Helen of Serbia is the only daughter of King Peter. She has spent part of the winter in Italy, and is an accomplished girl, fond of music, and a charming dancer. She was born at Rieka in October 1884.

Photograph by Fietzner.

now has for her, but she is the first to appreciate the difficulties that it presents. It is split up into lots, and several ladies, including Princess Louise and Princess Henry of Battenberg, have their quarters there. The rest of the building is thrown open to the public, and since the tourist has trodden the floors of the long, easterly suite of low rooms, they seem little likely to be redeemed for Queen Alexandra's requirements. They are much better adapted for use as show-rooms than as living-rooms, and all the more comfortable apartments are in full occupation.

Phippsland. To return a call, a necessity of good manners in most communities, is not thought obligatory

between Englishmen and Americans. The names of several English husbands who have never visited the country of their American wives come to mind, and, for the majority, one visit is deemed enough. Perhaps that is why the rare Englishman who does go to the States is so extraordinarily handsomely treated. Captain and Mrs. Frederick Guest's decision to spend the late summer in the country where she was well known and liked as Miss Amy Phipps is very gratifying to her many friends and relatives.



DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNT AND VIS-COUNTRESS INGESTRE; THE HON. URSULA CHETWYND-TALBOT.

The Hon. Ursula Chetwynd-Talbot is the only child of Viscount and Viscountess Ingestre, and is nearly three years old. She is a grand-niece of the Marchioness of Londonderry and a niece of the Marquis of Anglesey.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

The Name Question. Lord Southwark of Southwark has made the safest sort of choice of a title. Nobody else can put a special

New Titles.

Sir Weetman Pearson is fortunate in having been able to secure, on the strength of a quite recent acquisition of property, a title so well-sounding as Lord Cowdray of Midhurst. It is perhaps the best of a batch of names particularly proud to the ear. Mr. Freeman-Thomas is also fortunate—and deserving. When his place, Ratton, also in Sussex, was burnt down some years ago he had doubts about rebuilding, but in the end decided that, though his house must be a new one, he could preserve the family tradition and sentiment better on the old site than on a new. Having done this, he has now been able, with a little editing, to style himself Lord Willingdon of Ratton. Without editing he would have been Lord Ratton of Willingdon—a name tempting to the nick-namer. Lord and Lady Cowdray on Monday introduced themselves to their Northern tenantry under their new Southern style.



YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS OF ORMONDE; LADY CONSTANCE BUTLER.

Lady Constance Butler, the younger of the two daughters of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde, is an enthusiastic yachtswoman, and is with her father at Cowes. He is Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

Photograph by Lallie-Charles.



AN INVITING TITLE: LADY ANGELA FORBES OUTSIDE HER FLOWER-SHOP.

Lady Angela Forbes is now in mourning for her sister, the Countess of Westmorland. She is the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Rosslyn and of Blanche Countess of Rosslyn. The Duchess of Sutherland is her eldest sister, and the Countess of Warwick and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox her half-sisters. She is an enthusiastic bridge-player, has written a book, and opened an establishment for the sale of flowers, which she calls "My Shop."—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

claim upon that populous district. Just because it is every man's land it is no man's land, and offers a fine field to the new lordship. It is growing more and more difficult for a Peer to find himself a name. Most places are the preserves of particular families and memories, and the brand-new Lord is likely to be abused wherever he alights. Lord Michelham chose a ruin for his designation, but even ruins are unsafe if other people own them. Still worse is it to choose the name of a village that is also the name of a great estate, and the suggestion that a certain gentleman should call himself Lord Penshurst of Penshurst was hardly calculated to delight Lord and Lady De L'Isle, whose home is in the historic house.



By HENRY LEACH.

The Golfer's Packing.

I have just been packing up preparatory to starting off on a long, roaming, golfing holiday. I think I have made a better job of it this time than previously, but I know it is not completely satisfactory. Perhaps in another ten years I may get everything quite right. The fact is that a golfer's packing is the most difficult business of its kind that can ever be presented to a human being, and most players die without even once having packed properly so as to cause no after regrets. A man only begins to know a little about it after ten years' experience, and those regrets are sometimes so keen that an aggravated player may go back home two hundred miles in the middle of his holiday to do the whole thing over again. To some people this might seem a little stupid, but such do not know what keen golfers are. And a man is never so keen, never so enthusiastic and thorough, and never so funnily faddy as when he is just going off on his big golfing holiday. The packing question really ought to begin to be considered three months in advance, so that all the different arguments for inclusion and exclusion might be carefully weighed, and the opinion of experts taken. Instead of that, the prospective holiday-golfer only begins to lay things on one side and consider the vital point as to whether he shall take his cleek, his driving-mashie, or his driving-iron, or all of them, with him about three weeks before the day of starting. The packing is divided into three parts. The first is the ordinary clothing and general comfort section, such as constitutes the whole when the individual is not a golfer. This is very easily settled, and does not enter into our present considerations. The second

Boxes of Let no man interfere with another in the matter of his selection of the purely golfing clothes — including shoes, collars, caps, and all the other things—that he shall take with him on his holiday. It need only be said by way of friendly warning that it is always wise to consider the possibility of much rain, that the more holidays a golfer goes on the older are the clothes he takes with him, comfort counting for more as experience increases and appearances for less, and that it is the wisest thing to pack up two pairs of golfing shoes, neither of which is a new pair. Now for the other golf things that go into the bag, or are candidates for places in it. There are the all-important balls. He of less experience than others generally takes with

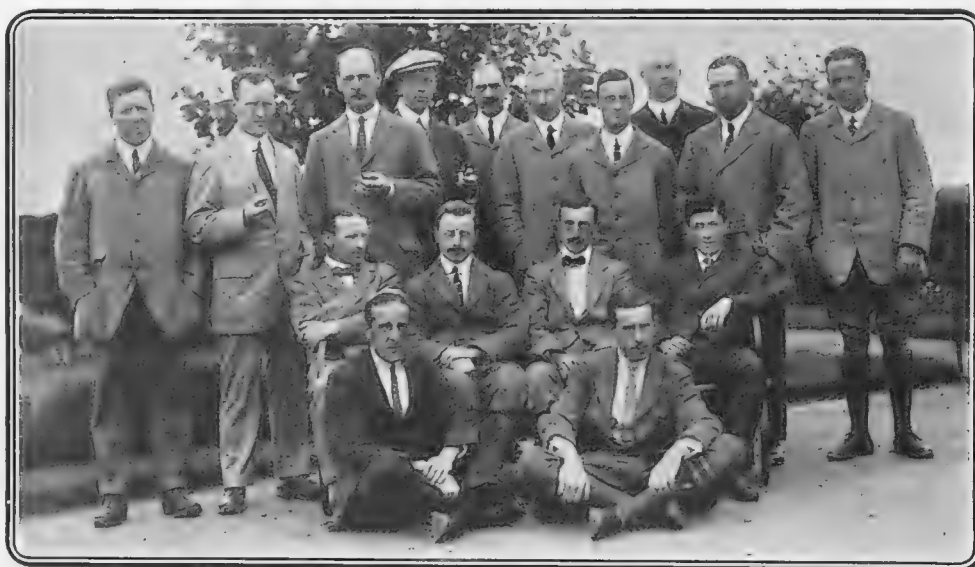
him a box of new balls, being his favourite brand, and a large quantity of old ones, with which, he says to himself, he will practise exceedingly, and become a much finer player. Most of his preliminary arrangements are based on that idea—that he is going to practise more thoroughly than ever in his life before and qualify for a great reduction in his handicap. His holiday this time will mark the turning point in his golfing career. It is a fine resolve, but it is hardly ever fulfilled; and, anyhow, the taking away of all those balls is a mistake, and for two different reasons. It is found that a man enjoys a new ball less when he has so many of them in hand, and is much more inclined to prodigal waste than when he goes to the professional's shop every time he wants a new one; and, more important, the fashion in golf-balls is largely a local thing. The result of its being so is that the player who swears by a certain ball, very often because all the best men at his home club play with it, is shaken in his confidence when he gets to his seaside links and there finds that a ball he had hardly ever heard of is all the rage. This is a constant happening, and, of course, the newly-arrived visitor is eager to play with this other ball, and is quite unhappy in the possession of all those he brought with him.

Now there are certain little oddments that every holiday-golfer would be wise to place in his bag. Playing so much as he will be doing, it is quite likely that he will have some trouble with his fingers, and he should be provided with some of that surgical sticking-plaster tape which fastens to itself but not to the skin. Most golfers know what I mean, but they forget to take it with them when most needed. Some embrocation for stiffness, pumice-stone for removing surplus grip-wax from the hands before dinner, and some remedy for a peeling or smarting face are also indicated. Then—important—take a small bottle of linseed-oil and smear the iron clubs with a little of it when moving from place to place or when otherwise idle for a day or two. Caddies should do this, but generally don't. I should like to have written a long sermon about the clubs to be taken, but will cut it down to a line or two. Many people spoil their holidays by the confusion they create by taking far too many clubs. Cut the pack down to the lowest possible limits in iron clubs, taking all old favourites, but no spares. In wooden clubs, permit yourself a couple of spare drivers and an odd brassie, if so disposed. Experience has proved this advice to be sound.



FROM THE GREEN ROOM TO THE GREEN: MR. H. A. LYTTON, THE 'WELL-KNOWN ACTOR, WITH HIS GOLFING TROPHIES.

Mr. Henry A. Lytton, the well-known Savoyard, who has also won fame on the music-hall stage, is, during his periods of "rest," an enthusiastic golfer. As our photograph shows, his successes on the links and the green have brought him as many laurels as those for which he makes ready in the Green Room.



A TOURING TEAM OF UNIVERSITY GOLFERS: THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES TEAM WHICH PLAYED MID-SURREY AT RICHMOND.

During their London tour, the Scottish Universities golfing team played Mid-Surrey at Richmond the other day, and the match ended in a tie, each side winning eight games. The figures in the photograph, reading from left to right, are (Back row) D. M. Hutchison, G. E. G. Mackay, Douglas Currie, W. A. Sievwright, C. S. Everard, Peter Dowie, W. J. Guild, Dr. Vassie, J. B. Ballingall, E. B. Tipping. (Seated) Condie Sandeman, K.C., W. S. Colville (Captain), P. Furneaux Dawson (Hon. Sec.), A. Cormack. (In front) Harper Orr, A. H. Russell.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

The Prince Henry Tour of 1911.

The R.A.C. have volunteered some interesting information with regard to the Prince Henry Cup Competition of 1911. It would appear after all that, though styled a competition, it is to be a friendly and social event, intended to bring the United Kingdom and Germany closer together. It now transpires that in February last the scheme was laid before his late Majesty King Edward VII., when he stated that he viewed the proposed competition with approval, and gave permission for the fact of his approval being made known in the proper quarters. During Prince Henry's late visit to this country the subject was discussed and the route suggested. The idea at present then, is that the proposed tour shall take the shape of a friendly social competition between members of the Royal Automobile Club and the Imperial Automobile Club of Germany, confined to amateur drivers owning their own cars.

A Purely Social Event.

The tour must therefore be regarded as a purely social event, combining pleasure with a practical test of the touring capabilities of the competing cars. Therefore, and very properly, the regulations and conditions will be as few and as simple as possible. It is suggested that the tour should be styled "The Prince Henry Cup to Commemorate the Coronation of King George V." Each club will be allowed a team of fifty cars, of any make or nationality, the condition being that the cars shall be owned and driven by members of the two clubs who are eligible as private competitors at Brooklands, this being the best present available definition of an amateur in automobilism. The winning club shall be the one whose team has lost the least number of marks aggregate. As the event will be a team competition, it will be nearly impossible for any particular failure to be disclosed, unless a car drops right out. Fifty German officers on the British club's cars, and fifty British officers on the German club's cars will act as observers.

Aeroplane Fabric.

Superlative quality and workmanship must necessarily distinguish all the materials employed in the construction of aeroplanes. Lightness and strength must be coupled here in an altogether unprecedented degree, particularly as the strains and stresses suddenly set up by cross-eddies and gusts are at the moment mere matters of conjecture. Even with the known and ascertained strains, the limit of safety is already perilously small, and when this limit may at any time be approached, or even exceeded, it is imperative that the best, and only the best, materials may be used. This is doubtless the underlying reason for the large use of Continental fabrics in the

greater number of flying-machines in use to-day. When one ponders the splendid performance of M. Morane, who soared to a height exceeding four thousand feet, it is easy to imagine the important part played by the fabric of which his plane is made, and the extent to which the aviator's safety depended upon its staunchness.

Baffled Bumbledom. Just in the nick of time, the Royal Automobile Club succeeded in cutting the comb of the Bradford Corporation. An end has been put to the attempt on the part of this oligarchy to grind the face of the motorist in the matter of water charges. It will be remembered that the Bradford Corporation conceived the notion of imposing—indeed, attempted to collect—a charge of one shilling per horse-power for water used in washing motor-cars, and, being checkmated in the courts by the commendable action of the local club, they sought for Parliamentary powers to make so oppressive and unequal a charge legal, in face of the decision of the High Court of Justice. Had they succeeded, their example would certainly have been followed by similar interests; so the R.A.C., at the instigation of the Bradford A.C., petitioned against the clause, and instructed counsel in support. Finding that they were up against a fight, the Corporation climbed down at the eleventh hour. They realised that the Lords, who are the only hope of minorities to-day, would not countenance a plunder policy of this kind.



PREPARED TO EMULATE BLÉRIOT, LESSEPS, AND ROLLS: MME. FRANCK,
THE FRENCH AIRWOMAN, READY FOR A CHANNEL FLIGHT.

Mme. Franck, who is a pupil of Mr. Farman, had a new Farman biplane specially built for her attempt to fly across the Channel. It is fitted with a Gnome motor, and Mme. Franck made a successful trial flight of twenty miles in it at Chalons.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

Progress at Bournemouth.

Notwithstanding the lamentable fatality with which it opened, there is no gainsaying the fact that aviation has in this country received a great fillip from the success of the Bournemouth Meeting. It is to be hoped that the venture has obtained its own reward in the shape of a substantial balance of receipts over expenditure, and

that the sporting townspeople who, by their liberal guarantees, made the meeting possible, have not been called upon to contribute even a part of the sums they ensured. It is difficult, however, to say just how much real progress in the practice of aerial locomotion was there signified. Aviation still remains a perilous sport, surrounded by many difficulties and dangers, and rather to be classed with tight-rope walking and Leotard-like exhibitions than a sober means of progress. Some advance has certainly been made in the machines, but it is still the man at the levers that counts first, last, and all the time. Save for the unexpected (which always happens), we are still a long way from the automatically stable machine. It may arrive at any moment, of course, but at present it does not appear to be above the horizon.

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Brighton.

Among the race-meetings fixed firmly in the affections of Londoners, that at Brighton in August takes a high place—in fact, one might almost say that it rivals the Epsom Spring and Summer, and the Bank Holiday Meetings at Kempton Park, Hurst Park, and Sandown Park. In many respects the surroundings and incidents at Brighton and Epsom resemble one another. The race-tracks are very similar, being marked out over chalky gradients on downs well above the sea-level. Such is the likeness in the conformation of the two courses that many animals show their best form when running on them. Then as regards getting to the racecourses. There are very similar hills to be negotiated. Perhaps that at Brighton is a little stiffer to climb, but there is an effort required if one walks, and the same feeling of exhilaration when one has succeeded in reaching the top and takes great gulps of the freshest air to be obtained anywhere in this country. August Bank Holiday week is the great holiday week with thousands of Londoners, and a very large proportion of them spend their leisure at the Queen of Watering Places, one of the great attractions for them being the three days' racing on White Hawk Hill, where Mr. Dorling always supplies for their delectation a very good programme that includes handicaps over all sorts of distances, two-year-old races, and weight-for-age contests. Nurseries are barred so early in the year or there would certainly be one or two such affairs. They will doubtless come by-and-bye. The Brighton Cup, a race that is now confined to three-year-olds, will not attract any top sawyers to the post this year, and for the sake of the holiday punters it is to be hoped that it will not result in such a startling turn-up as was the case last year.

In the North.

The publication of the entries for the Great Ebor Handicap draws attention to the fact that we shall soon be on what is known as the "Northern Circuit," a series of meetings which are amongst the most pleasant of the season, and which culminate with Doncaster. Grouse take many sportsmen to the Northern moors from the Twelfth onwards, and they have plenty of opportunity of combining racing (if they are built that way) with shooting. This series of meetings begins with Redcar (the programme of which, in its Biennial Stakes aspect, resembles that of Ascot); is continued at Stockton in the following week; after which we get York, a week later, and Doncaster, a fortnight after that. The Great Ebor Handicap, by the way, does not command the interest in the South that it used to, although Yorkshiremen still take a keen delight in it. There is, however, practically no ante-post betting on it, and it excites no more comment down South than the Summer Handicap run at the Newmarket Second July Meeting. Yet it is a race of

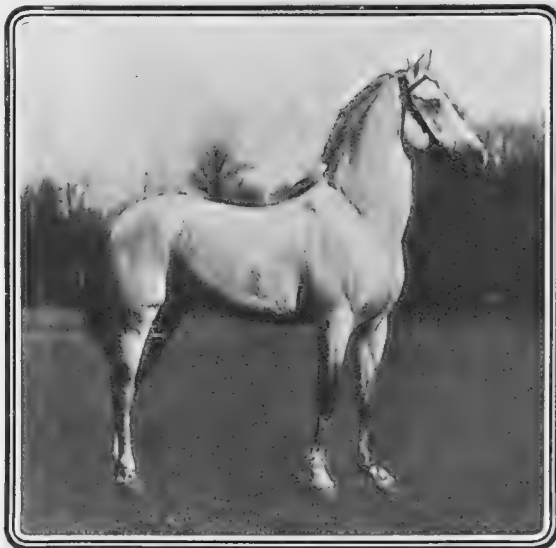
glorious traditions. A notable name missing from this year's list of nominators is that of Mr. J. C. Sullivan, who made Turf history as the owner of Winkfield's Pride, with which horse a prodigious coup was brought off in the Cambridgeshire in 1896. Mr. Sullivan showed a marked partiality for the Great Ebor a few years ago, and he succeeded in winning it with War Wolf in 1904 and with The Page in the following year. Nowadays, his colours are but seldom carried, although a fugitive success was secured in a selling-race at Nottingham a few weeks ago. The best of the horses that will come under the handicapper's notice for the Ebor this year are Rathlea, Old China, Royal Realm (who ran second to Dibs last year), Queen's Journal, St. Victrix, Ebor, and Lagos.

St. Leger.

A new factor in connection with the St. Leger came to light at Liverpool, where, although many people expected Swynford to win the Summer Cup, yet few were prepared for the spreadeagling display given by Lord Derby's colt. This son of John o' Gaunt is an instance of what can be done in the way of rapid improvement when a horse starts on the upward line. Much the same thing happened with Bayardo last year. Neither of the horses named was in good enough physical condition to do himself justice in the Derby, but both came out at the Ascot following their Epsom races far different specimens of thoroughbreds. It was hoped that Swynford would hold a forward position in the Derby this year, but those hopes were not fulfilled, and although Lemberg beat him easily, both at Epsom and at Ascot, it was apparent that in the latter race he ran better than he had done previously, and when on the following day he won over a longer distance from Marajax and Sanctuary, it was conclusively shown that he was a horse of possibilities, not so much from the mere fact that he won, but from the style in which he did his work. That the improvement he was making was no mere flash in the pan was amply demonstrated at Aintree,

where he scored with such ridiculous ease and with so much in hand that we at once began to apprehend that here might lie danger to Lemberg and Neil Gow at Doncaster. Whether he will improve enough to take rank with the Eclipse Stakes dead-heaters or not cannot, of course, be definitely known until he has thrown down the gauntlet on the Town Moor. Probably either Lemberg or Neil Gow would have won the Liverpool Cup under the same weight with the same ease. Still, Swynford has done enough to come within the danger-

zone. Fit and well on the day, I think Neil Gow will assert his superiority, as I have remarked before; but, all the same, circumstances point to a very interesting contest next month.



VERY LIKE NAPOLEON'S MARENGO: A TRUE ARAB HORSE. Napoleon's famous charger was named after the battle in which he defeated the Austrians at Marengo in Northern Italy in 1800, and was of the pure Arabian breed. It is interesting to recall that three Arabian horses brought to England in the 17th and 18th centuries, Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Godolphin Arabian, were the ancestors of most modern racers. Byerly Turk was the great-grandfather of Eclipse.



AGRICULTURAL METHODS WITHOUT MACHINERY: HORSES TREADING OUT WHEAT.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Impressions of Strange Cities.

There is something disquieting in the thought that most strangers, and the majority of Americans, get their maiden view of our great

city when it lies under all the aridity and emptiness of August. What, I wonder, does it look like to them, without the bustle of the Season, the turmoil of motor-cars and carriages, the gaily-lit theatres, the crowded restaurants? I am not sure but that, to the casual, passing stranger the soul of a city is not revealed more clearly than to those who have lived in it for years, who have become so used to it, as a husband grows used to the charm of his wife, that they are no longer actively conscious of it. To most of us, London has become of late years a monster

on which young misses in white muslin practise rowing in the pouring rain. These curious statements make one doubtful of Loti's wonderful descriptions of Persian mountains and Polynesian reefs, of Japanese geishas and Turkish *désenchantées*. Can the Master possibly be a little confused in those distant lands, as he is in our own familiar town? The thought is disquieting, for we have for years held this French sailor to be as much a master of accurate description and observation as he is of his native prose. Yet he, too, as becomes the transient traveller, has his definite impression of the monster city. In a word, he finds it—a big village! Embowered in green parks, with squares in which sheep graze, and meandering streams on which young girls practise rowing, how can we be anything but a rustic population? Add, too, our countless window-boxes brimming over with flowers, the splendour of the rhododendrons in Hyde Park, and the acres of potted-out plants, and M. Loti is convinced that we Londoners live in a garden, in a wood, rather than in a town of bricks and mortar.

What He Thought of Berlin.

Before he started on his great tour to India, Pierre Loti had the sudden fantasy to go to Berlin, and in his latest book he records his impressions of the Kaiser's capital. Frankly, he does not like it, and that he bored himself to tears in its museums and Thiergarten, its beer-halls and restaurants is quite evident, for he says so in no uncompromising manner. For the soul of Berlin, to this Gallic observer, is, frankly, nothing but Beer. Never, he declares, has he seen so much beer, of so many shades, and of so many diverse qualities, consumed under the sun, or, rather, under the electric light, for the night is the time for conviviality, and the beer-hallen and the electric lights of Berlin are as innumerable as the sands of the sea. But if he disliked the beer-shops and the clustering lights, still more did he dislike—and probably with reason, the countless statues, *de bonshommes ou de bêtes*, which pierce the sad northern skies of the German capital. Endless, he complains, are the outstretched wings, black or golden—wings of Geniuses, of Victories, of Eagles. These hovering Eagles, ready, as he says, to drop and to lacerate, may well fill with disquietude so near a neighbour.



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SUITABLE FOR "A SEASON OF CALM WEATHER" IN THE COUNTRY: A HAT TRIMMED WITH A BOW OF SPOTTED TULLE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

pleasure city, so that when the elements which give it an air of perpetual gala have melted away to the moors and the mountains, one wonders what sort of general effect it has on those who come here for the first time. The Frenchman arrives, of course, with a thick fog—or at least a mist—packed up in his portmanteau, ready to spread out and describe when he writes home, and he is deeply disappointed if in July or August his preconceived notions are not fulfilled.

What They Think.

The German lands with his head full of shipping and commerce, and is more likely to turn to the docks and the City than to the literary landmarks so dear to the American, or to the Soho restaurants where Italians, Switzers, and Spaniards imagine they are seeing London life. To the American man and woman, to come to London for the first time is to revel in a literary orgy. Always well-read, and inordinately interested in English letters, they will travel hundreds of miles to see a poet's birthplace, and penetrate into the most unlikely quarters of London to stare at a house where dwelt some famous writer of prose. They dine—making of it a kind of religious rite—where Dr. Johnson dined; make pilgrimages to see some inn made famous by Dickens; and can point you out every club in St. James's Street which lives in the pages of Thackeray. Yet they are not blind admirers of ours, these American kinsmen, for has not Mr. Price Collier, in his "England and the English," recently given his opinion that Englishwomen, even of the upper classes, have "beefy" complexions and dress outrageously badly? This acute observer is anything but gallant in his estimate of the Englishwoman, her beauty, and her influence, for he roundly declares that England is "a man's country," and that even the best shops are devoted to clothing the sterner sex.

Pierre Loti on London.

The hasty visitor may, it is true, seize, in passing, the soul of a city, but how likely he is, if he only drives about, throwing a cursory glance here and there, to make the most diverting mistakes! Pierre Loti, for instance, perhaps one of the most famous writer-travellers who has ever lived, thinks that sheep graze in London "squares" and that "little rivers" meander all through the City,



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING SEASIDE COSTUME: A GOWN OF SPOTTED SILK AND NINON WITH COLLAR AND CUFFS OF LACE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Dull Dead Season.

What we called by courtesy a Season has gone, and its requiem has been written in columns of retrospect, as if it had not been bad enough to get through without recalling its deadly dullness. Now we can look forward to better times. Goodwood last week was enjoyable, and Cowes this week goes gaily. The weather vagaries we have become accustomed to, and oilskins and weather-proof headgear are always at hand at Cowes. Englishwomen are seen at no disadvantage dressed for bad weather and out in it. They look quite at home battling against the elements, the rain freshening fair faces, the wind blowing tendrils of hair out of the durance vile of an invisible net donned for yachting week. Fashion in some instances dictates the wearing of a *toupet* guaranteed against the effects of the weather. Whatever way they manage it, yachswomen and their land-dwelling friends on a breezy, showery day at Cowes look just as well as they do in the bright sunshine of a sunny day at Hurlingham. Men look so nice, too, in yachting-dress, and soon get the wind in their faces—there has not been much sun to get there this year. Anyway, everybody is glad to feel life, and bustle, and freshness, and cheeriness again, and to know that the Season of 1910 has been lived through and put behind us.

Yachswomen.

I suppose when our sex get the vote, and go into Parliament and stand side by side with men in the ruling of the country, they will be admitted members of the Royal Yacht Squadron. At present, they are only guests, courteously and chivalrously entreated, in the delightful garden of the most exclusive yacht club in the world, but never allowed across the portals of the Castle, or, if so, only into a cabin-like waiting-room. One wonders that this has not been brought forward as an example of manly selfishness and tyranny on the militant women's platforms. Bands play on that pleasant lawn, with its attractive outlook over the Solent, the daintiest of teas are provided, the most luxurious of lounge-chairs are placed under the beautiful trees, everything is arranged for ladies' comfort and well-being, but into the Castle they may not go. I heard an American girl say—"Well, I guess it's a poky, stuffy sort of place, anyway." Transatlantic philosophy this, in the nature of sour grapes! It is a regulation to which British sea-women have become accustomed by tradition, and which they would not have altered. They have an excellent time of it at Cowes, and nowhere better than in the Squadron Garden, when they have effected a landing at the little private stage whereon no one may put foot who has not a right to wear the Squadron button.

Sea-Going in Swaddling Clothes.

It is to be hoped that the women on the yachts have left their tight skirts behind them. The experienced ones have; but there are novices every season, and some funny sights may be seen this week, not only when landings are being effected, but when a yacht is being boarded. Swaddle-skirts have so endeared themselves to many of our womenkind—for reasons unknown—that they have to be worn on all occasions, even the most unsuitable. There is only one way to manage the swaddled woman at sea—treat her as what she looks like, a mummy, and let the handymen hoist her on board and land her like a bale. I imagine that in this wise the mode of the swaddling-clothes will find a watery grave, and few will grieve for its drowning.

What Leads?

This question is frequently asked this week of the fortunate possessors of Busch's prism binoculars. With their aid they can keep a watch on the yachts from start pretty well to finish from the land. If they are used on a following yacht, the whole race, and every incident therein, can be witnessed. Messrs. Emil Busch have now added to their extensive collection of prism binoculars three new models—the "Roja," the "Stellux," and the "Sollux." The first-named is a high-class instrument at a moderate price. Every part is reliable, which alone secures efficiency and stability, and the price is, considering this, very low. The second-named glass is on what is known as the stereoscopic principle, and has large objectives, brilliantly illuminating the field of view and extending it. It also makes it easier for the user to gauge the distance or relative position of what is under observation. It is made in two powers, magnifying six and eight

times. The "Sollux" is a wonderful instrument, with all the characteristics which have made prism binoculars so popular, and made up in so portable a form that it can be easily carried in the pocket. It is specially suitable for a ladies' tourist, or race glass. Messrs. Emil Busch have been awarded a diploma and a Gold Medal at the Japan-British Exhibition. There is nothing like such splendid glasses as these to secure true enjoyment of racing-yacht, or horse, or aeroplane, or motor-boat.

The Mountains and the Sea.

A combination of sea and mountain air is ideal for health and pleasure. This is why so many people go to beautiful, bracing Aberystwyth. When the bathing, which is excellent, and the sea-breezes have braced one up, there is the fascination of mountain-climbing to get the body into condition. There are the loveliest motor and coaching excursions; sea-trips in motor and steam launches; likewise both sea and river fishing. There is a fine pier and promenade, good concerts, a capital orchestra, and excellent theatrical performances. What could anyone desire more of holiday resort? Yet more there is—a splendid railway-service from London and the principal centres, running via the Cambrian Railways, with a minimum of baggage troubles and a maximum of personal comfort.

Weeping Plumage.

In consonance with our chastened Season are the fashionable feathers. The French call them *pleurises*, but they do not dissolve into tears, they only droop. Their appearance is very handsome, for to attain the desirable droopiness they must be very long in the frond. I imagine they will still be the mode in the autumn, for none have been included in the sales. The ordinary ostrich plume, divided down the centre, and dear to male and female dandies since the days of the Cavaliers, is now supplanted by this longer-fronded and fluffier feather, which is an added beauty at an added cost to the millinery of the moment.

For the Esplanade.

On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a spotted silk and ninon gown with a lace collar and lace cuffs, which will be charming for the promenade at Folkestone, Trouville, Deauville, or Dieppe. There is also a drawing of a large hat for a non-breezy day in the country, trimmed with a bow of spotted tulle.



TWO CHARMING PENDANTS, WHICH ARE MADE WITH THREE ALTERNATIVE VARIETIES OF STONES, BY THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS.



A BEAUTIFUL PENDANT IN DIAMONDS, PEARLS, AND PLATINUM, AT THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS.

abundantly illustrated catalogue on application, and will also submit goods on approval.

Motorists are offered a specially devised pipe by the well-known tobacconists, Messrs. Bewlay; the "Motor Pipe" it is called. It is made for use when facing a strong wind or rainstorm—conditions when, ordinarily, much tobacco is wasted by being blown away, often with hot ash into the smoker's face. In the Motor Pipe (which is also likely to suit yachtsmen and boating men) the bowl is smoked undermost, a recess at the end of the mouthpiece engaging the lower teeth of the smoker and keeping the pipe at the right angle. Indoors, the pipe can be smoked like any other pipe. Its price is 7s. 6d.

Safety, speed, and comfort are the special features of a shave with the Durham Duplex Company's Safety Razor—a razor that is guarded and double-edged and does not scrape. In form it is like an ordinary old-style razor, and can be handled with easy assurance and without anxiety. There is no angle to maintain: one just flattens the blade and glides it, whereupon the shave is accomplished and the skin left smooth and comfortable. For a guinea, a complete silver-plated outfit, in handsome leather case, can be purchased—razor, safety-guard, and half a dozen blades—the address of the makers being Cecil Chambers, 86, Strand, London.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 10.

THE MARKETS.

WHAT is the matter with the markets? seems to be the question which everybody connected with finance is asking.

We know that the public has subscribed during the last few months for more securities (in the shape of new issues) than it can with comfort digest, and that everybody you meet is trying to sell something—mostly wild-cat Rubbers—to pay for a summer holiday; we know that all sorts of rumours—as is always the case in dull times—are afloat as to plungers' accounts being in default, as to members of the House being in difficulties, and as to big foreign firms being in trouble, especially in Vienna; and, above all, we know that this market, when very bare of buyers, is being flooded with sale orders from the Continent, especially from Paris; but none of these things really answers the question as to what is the cause of it all.

The Cretan question is little understood by the man in the street, and at the moment is apparently asleep; but we know that the Powers are all very uneasy as to what may happen when the Greek Cortes meets in the autumn; while the most responsible Greek statesmen confess that it is very doubtful whether an outbreak can then be prevented. A war with Turkey could, as they well know, end in only one way, and that very quickly; but when a bonfire is lighted there is danger of the conflagration spreading. We shall see in the autumn—well, what we shall see; but that the measiness of the Continental markets is not unconnected with this Greek danger we are convinced.

WHEN YANKEES WILL BE CHEAP.

Of course, it may be said that they are cheap now. Certainly Atchisons pay 6 per cent. on the money, Southern Pacifics and Baltimores 5½ per cent., Unions 6 per cent., while such things as Pennsylvania, Illinois, New York Central, and Louisville return an average of about 5½ per cent. on an investment. The question is whether these rates can be maintained. Judging by the traffics and monthly statements—the latter being by far the more trustworthy guide of the two—the various Boards have good ground for reducing the dividends if they cared to do so; but the Companies have, in most cases, adequate funds for maintaining the rates should they consider that the outlook or (the cynical might say) their own book justifies no change being made. Caution requires that the possibility, at least, of the dividends coming down should be faced, and a round drop of one per cent. would make even the current quotations look quite high enough in the event of an unsatisfactory harvest. Therefore, it may be that Yankees have further yet to drop before they are to be accounted cheap, and the outlook is charged with sufficient unsettlement to bid buyers beware how they hasten to increase their commitments.

THE RUBBER MARKET.

So much depends upon the course of the American Market in the immediate future, that it is difficult to see at all clearly how Rubber prices will develop during the next few weeks. The United States, of course, being a large buyer of the raw material, its capacity for purchases is checked to some extent whenever the Railroad and money markets on that side get into a disordered condition. On the other hand, it is perfectly certain that demand has been starved for some time past, and buyers have not bought a pound more than they were compelled to. There must be many channels through which a demand will spring up as soon as affairs in the United States drop into a normal state, but the best authorities on this side are of opinion that the revival in the Rubber Market will not come until some time in October, unless it should be delayed by any American difficulties until, perhaps, the beginning of next year.

FINANCE AT A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

"Hullo, old man, what on earth brings you here?" and The Jobber jumped up from the luncheon-table and hastened to greet The Engineer.

"Nothing on earth: I came by sea," laughed the other. "Several of us wanted a blow, so we thought——" and in sauntered The Merchant.

"Oh, look here, it's a regular First-Class Carriage business!" cried The Jobber. "And I expect we all came for peace and quietness. There's a sample of it," and he stooped to pick up half a dozen forks and spoons which his six-year-old had just clattered to the ground.

There were introductions to ladies and to other men when the silver was restored and peace reigned once more.

The Jobber's wife entreated the others not to allow her husband to talk shop. "I've kept him out of it for nearly three days, and I want to double it," she explained.

The other men—there were now half a dozen in the party—vowed they would talk nothing but golf.

"But that's worse!" she cried in tragical tones.

"For pity's sake don't put me with a golf-i-ac," sang The Jobber.

The waiters had manœuvred the party round a large table; the view of the sea, across a well-kept garden-terrace of old-fashioned flowers, was charming, and the rare sun flashed incessantly upon the dancing wavelets.

"Beautiful place to stay, isn't it?" said the one who first finished soup, and there was a general murmur of comfortable acquiescence.

"Better than that——"

"Now, Tom!" cried The Jobber's wife, warningly.

"Better than that milliner's where I spent half the morning, was all I was going to say, my dear."

"They call this the Palace of Truth," casually remarked another of the ladies.

"We saw *such* a sweet hat," continued The Jobber's wife. "I can't say much for the straw, but the scarf was lovely, with a chiffon bandeau that——"

"Now they're off," said The Jobber to the other men. "They are safe for half an hour, and——"

"I haven't seen a newspaper for two days," confessed The Engineer.

"All the better for you," replied another of the party. "When I left the House last night there wasn't a stroke of trade doing."

"The Home Railway dividends aren't bad, you know, but they don't bring the public in."

"Because the public have the sense to go away for their holidays and leave the markets severely alone."

"They tell me that there's quite a lot being done in Rubber shares, in a modest sort of way."

"And will be still more in the autumn; you see," said The Jobber.

"Tom——!" His wife suddenly turned round.

"Yes, I had mine trimmed with chrysanthemums and lined with nainsook insertion and mousseline-de-foie-gras," pursued her husband calmly.

"Don't you rather like the lippy sort with the extra-wide brims covered with trails of glory and——"

This speaker's better-half swiftly passed the Apollinaris and told him to drink some before he choked.

All went well after this until the ices set the ladies talking colour-schemes, and the men naturally discussed Canadians under cover of the Cheddar.

"I think Canadas have pretty well bumped on the gravel," remarked The Jobber. "At least, I hope they have," and he heaved the sigh of the tired bull.

"And Trunks?"

"Shouldn't touch any Trunks, except the First Preference," counselled them The Engineer. "I may be wrong——"

"It all depends what view you take of Yankees," said The Merchant. "My broker says it's much better to buy Mex. Firsts than Trunk Firsts."

"I daresay he's about right," commented another. "There's more scope for a rise in Mexicans than in Trunks."

"Yes; isn't it a shame?"—and one of the ladies turned to him, who looked perplexed.

"Weren't you talking about our going home so soon? I thought you mentioned trunks."

"The best kind, as I was saying," put in The Jobber, "are the double-steel ones. They only get dented, not smashed."

The audience laughed, with feeling. There are, of course, different kinds of feeling.

"Oh, where's it gone!" suddenly cried the wife of The Jobber, diving on to the floor.

"If this is what you're looking for, here it is," said her husband, producing a diamond ring.

"Oh, good! I wouldn't have lost that for anything," she exclaimed. "Tom made it out of Rubber shares."

Curiously enough, all the other ladies in the party began to twist rings round their fingers.

"Who's talking shop now?" demanded her husband. "And here am I at the end of lunch and haven't even mentioned Kaffirs."

"It's kinder not to," laughed The Merchant.

"Every dog has his day."

"Every bull doesn't, though. It's beastly unfair to the animal, I think. If dogs, why not bulls? Bears always have theirs."

"Moral: be a bear."

"But that isn't moral," came the objection.

"Not in such a beautiful place as this, and with the sun out and every fibre of us crying for coffee on the terrace, I agree!" and The Jobber's hint was taken with such alacrity that the table was vacant in less time than it takes to say so in writing.

AN INVESTMENT TRUST.

The interest which, we judge from the letters received, has been excited among our readers by the little Trust to pay 4½ per cent. which we published in our issue of July 13, induces us to carry out the promise then made that we would give a further list of securities which, with perhaps a shade more risk, would yield from 5½ to 6 per cent.

Assuming the reader has £5000, which he desires so to place as

to get, let us say, £275 a year without any unreasonable risk, we suggest that the money be spread over the following—

- (1) City of Pernambuco 5 per cent. bonds at 95.
- (2) Foreign American and General Investment Trust Deferred stock at 106.
- (3) Debenture Corporation 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference stock at 90.
- (4) Hong Kong and China Gas shares at 17½.
- (5) San Paulo Railway Ordinary stock at 206.
- (6) Merchants' Trust Deferred stock at 117.

The first of these securities is a new issue. The City debt amounts to £400,000 in all, and the due payment is guaranteed by the government of the province as well as by the City revenues. The second has been one of the most successful of the well-managed Trust Companies, and the dividends on the Deferred stock have increased from 4 per cent. in 1900 to 6 per cent. for the last two years. The Debenture Corporation Preference has, since the formation of the Company, never gone short of its proper interest; and there is practically £1,000,000 Ordinary stock behind it, which gets 5 per cent. also, and has had as much as 7½ per cent. The Hong Kong and China Gas Company was established in 1862, and has for years paid dividends of 8 per cent. and over. The yield last year was 22s. a share, or 11 per cent., which, we believe, has been the rate for the last ten years. The San Paulo Railway has paid 12 per cent. for the seven years to 1907, and 13 per cent. since that time, and the reserves and carry-forward are enormous. There is no better Foreign Railway Ordinary stock on the market. The Merchants' Trust has paid gradually increasing dividends, which have never fluctuated, except upward, for the last twenty years, and the distribution for the last twelve months was 7 per cent. We have avoided all shares with uncalled liability, and even a timorous investor might feel confident of his income if his capital were spread as suggested.

Saturday, July 30, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

PELHAM.—Our belief is that the whole market may sag away for a time. The Trust Company is one of the best, but without knowing their investments and the prices paid, it is impossible to give an opinion as to intrinsic value of options. We believe—it is only belief—that it would pay to sell everything and wait for lower prices to go in again.

A. R.—The Railway is steadily improving. It is probable that the increase in value may more than represent interest you would get if you realise, but dividends are very far off.

The Subscription List will open on Wednesday, the 3rd day of August, 1910, and will close on or before Friday, the 5th day of August, 1910, at 4 p.m.

THE IVORY COAST CORPORATION, LTD.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

CAPITAL - £330,000

Divided into 330,000 Shares of £1 each, of which

194,000 Shares of £1 each are now offered, for Subscription at par,

Payable as follows: 1s. per Share on Application, 4s. per Share on Allotment, 5s. per Share two months after Allotment, and the balance as and when required in Calls not exceeding 5s. per Share at intervals of not less than one month.

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Sir RICHARD RIDDULPH MARTIN, Bart., 68, Lombard Street, London, E.C., President.
JOHN ANNAN BRYCE, M.P., 35, Bryanston Square, London, W., Chairman.
FRANCIS SEYMOUR HADEN, C.M.G., Oxenham Manor, Okehampton, Devon. (Late Colonial Secretary and Deputy Governor of Natal.)
LORD HINDLIP, Hindlip Hall, Worcester.
EDWARD AURELIAN KIDSDALE, 7, Queen's Gate Gardens, London, S.W.

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MARTIN'S BANK, LTD., 68, Lombard Street, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

For the Company: FREDERICK WALKER & COMPANY, 68, Coleman Street, London, E.C.
For the Vendors to this Company: GRUNDY, KERSHAW, SAMSON & COMPANY, 89, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

LONDON—LINTON, CLARKE, & COMPANY, 7, Drapers' Gardens, E.C.
EDINBURGH—MACGREGOR, BANKS, & COMPANY, 2, St. Andrew's Square.
CARDIFF—THACKERAY & COMPANY.

AUDITORS.

GEORGE A. TOUCHE & COMPANY, Basilston House, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICE.

ALEXANDER GOODLET, 6, Broad Street Place, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire a concession of 270,000 hectares (that is, about 667,000 acres, or 1042½ square miles) of land in the San Pedro district, Ivory Coast. The concession is defined in the decree issued by the Governor of the Ivory Coast, dated 7th August, 1900, in accordance with an agreement dated 28th July, 1897, between the Minister of the Colonies and the Compagnie Française de Kong, which was approved by decree of the President of the French Republic dated 31st July, 1897.

Under the terms of the concession the Company acquires the absolute ownership (including surface and sub-soil) of the land in perpetuity, free of all rents and royalties. These exceptional terms are due to the concession having formed part of the remuneration given by the Government to M. Verdier for his services in obtaining the Ivory Coast for France.

The French Ivory Coast Syndicate, Ltd., of 6, Broad Street Place, London, E.C., who are Vendors to and promoters of this Company, procured the services of Mr. I. T. Hawkins, M.I.C.E., F.G.S., formerly Deputy-Director of Public Works in Southern Nigeria, who has had fifteen years' experience, including twelve years' actual residence, on the West Coast, to make a Report on the territory.

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS.—The concession has a coast-line of about eighteen miles, and comprises the basin of the San Pedro River, which intersects the property approximately from north to south. The prevailing soil is a rich deep loam, suitable for all kinds of tropical products. The average altitude is about 350 feet.

The rainfall is abundant, with two wet seasons spread over about 200 days, but the absence of any large swamp area renders the territory comparatively free from fever.

DUTCH.—The question of the Dutch Government expropriating the Company is the bugbear. No actual settlement has been come to yet. The Company is a good one (see answer to "Pelham").

ANXIOUS.—The Trust Preference stock you name is one of the best. Why did you not try to see how it stands the tests we suggested last week instead of asking other people's opinion? Heaven helps those who help themselves.

PEDRO.—No. 3 in your list we like best. Nos. 1 and 2 are fair Companies, but we know little of them, and nothing of No. 4.

E. J.—Chilian Transandine bonds, Series "C," would suit, or Pernambuco bonds, or City of Santos 6 per cent. bonds.

THE UNITED MALAYSIAN RUBBER MEETING.—The statutory meeting of the United Malaysian Rubber Company, Ltd., was held last Wednesday, Sir Percy Francis Cunynghame, Bart. (Chairman of the Company) presiding. The Chairman began his speech with the statement that at the present time the Company's prospects appear to be very hopeful. The United Malaysian Rubber Company holds nearly all the issued capital of the Malaysian Rubber Company, which company, amongst its other possessions, holds 88½ per cent. of the British Malaysian Manufacturing Company, Ltd. This undertaking holds, in addition to the Sarawak property, very important concessions in the Malay Peninsula, giving it the tapping rights over an area of some 4,945,608 acres, a great part of which has jelutong rubber-trees in full producing order. Besides this, it possesses interests in two Dutch companies, which hold very important rights in South Borneo and the Karimon Islands. The secretary read a preliminary report, dated July 2 last, by Dr. Schidrowitz, in which that expert concluded that the Company's concessions should provide all the raw material required to produce six million pounds of rubber in 1911, ten million pounds in 1912, and twelve million in 1913. Dr. Schidrowitz added that he considered the Company's property to be quite the most remarkable single undertaking in connection with crude rubber production that he had yet come across.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Brighton, Syce may win the Sussex Plate, Wolfe Land the Cup, Waterwillow the Rottingdean Plate, Waterweed the Brookside Plate, Southannan the High Weight Handicap, and Buttery the Cliftonville Plate. At Manchester, Orpiment may win the Stamford Handicap, Last Call the August Handicap, Sun Angel the Red Rose Handicap, Volodya the Broughton Handicap, and Manwolf the Summer Plate. At Lewes, Well Done may win the De Warrenne Handicap, Borrow the Astley Stakes, and Chestnut the Lewes Handicap. At Haydock Park, Minehead may win the Gerard Plate, Sponsor the August Handicap, Theo Bold the Flixton Welter, Howick the Wigan Welter, and Wild Violet the Grand Stand Handicap.

HARBOUR FACILITIES.—The concession includes the port of San Pedro, which is a small bay protected by a rocky promontory, and is the only sheltered inlet without a bar on this otherwise surf-bound coast. When a road is made to connect with the Trade Routes of the rich and populous Hinterland, the harbour at San Pedro will be of great importance. It is the natural port to tap the resources of this part of the Ivory Coast.

San Pedro is distant about fourteen days from Europe, and is on the route served by several lines and by numerous coasting-steamers.

NATURAL PRODUCTS.

RUBBER.—There are several indigenous varieties.

The Estimate of Funtumia trees to be tapped, the yield therefrom, the yield from vines, and the net profit resulting is as follows:

Year.	Number of Trees expected to be available for tapping.	Yield per Tree.	Yield from Trees.	Yield from Vines.	Total Yield from Trees and Vines.	Estimated Selling Price.	Profit per annum in 1910-11, at 1/6 per lb., and 1/- per lb. afterwards.
		lb.	lb.	lb.	lb.		£
1910-11	175,000	2	350,000	50,000	400,000	3/-	30,000
1911-12	750,000	2	1,500,000	100,000	1,600,000	2/6	80,000
1912-13	1,000,000	2	2,000,000	200,000	2,200,000	2/-	110,000
1913-14	1,250,000	2	2,500,000	400,000	2,900,000	2/-	145,000
1914-15	1,500,000	2	3,000,000	600,000	3,600,000	2/-	180,000

Cost of Production.—It is estimated that under present conditions the cost, delivered in Europe, amounts to 1s. 6d. per pound, but it is believed that by proper organisation and treatment the cost can be reduced to 8d.

OTHER PRODUCTS INCLUDE—

OIL PALM.—This tree, yielding the Oil and Kernels which form the staple product of the region, is abundant on the territory. The number is estimated at 1¼ millions, and the yield per tree at 8 lb. of Oil and 15 lb. of Kernels.

PIASSAVA FIBRE.—There is an area of about thirty-six square miles, estimated to contain 500,000 trees capable of yielding an average of 25 lb. of fibre per tree. The estimated profit is over £4 per ton, based on a selling price of £20.

TIMBER.—There is abundance of mahogany and other hardwood trees, which should yield good profits.

COTTON.—Large areas of the territory are adapted, by soil and climate, to the growth of cotton suitable for producing fine counts.

LABOUR.

There are sixty villages in the territory, and additional labour can be obtained from outside. It is proposed to establish trading stations furnished with a careful selection of articles, so as to induce the natives to bring in produce in exchange for the goods they require.

PROFITS.

The following is an estimate of profits from the principal products, after providing for all costs but those of home administration—

Derived from	In 1910-11.	In 1911-12.	In 1912-13.	In 1913-14.	In 1914-15.
Rubber	£30,000	£80,000	£110,000	£145,000	£180,000
Trading, and other products, including Timber, Palm Oil, and Kernels, Piassava, etc.	5,000	10,000	20,000	30,000	40,000
	£35,000	£90,000	£130,000	£175,000	£220,000

The consideration to be paid to the Vendors is £121,000, payable as to £54,000 in cash and £67,000 in shares under the Contracts hereinafter mentioned, and in addition the French Ivory Coast Syndicate, Limited, have the right to call for an amount at par at any time for one year from 15th August, 1910, of 66,000 shares forming part of this Company's capital.

Applications for Shares should be made on the form accompanying the full Prospectus, which, with Forms of Application for Shares, may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, the Secretary of the Company, and at the office of the French Ivory Coast Syndicate, Limited, 6, Broad Street Place, E.C.

£1000 INSURANCE. See below.

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The Chemise reduces the bulk and weight of wearing apparel, gives great freedom for walking, wears longer than any other style of garment, saves on laundry bill, and will prove invaluable for tropical climates. Also for travelling or motoring with limited luggage.

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August 3, 1910.

Signature.....



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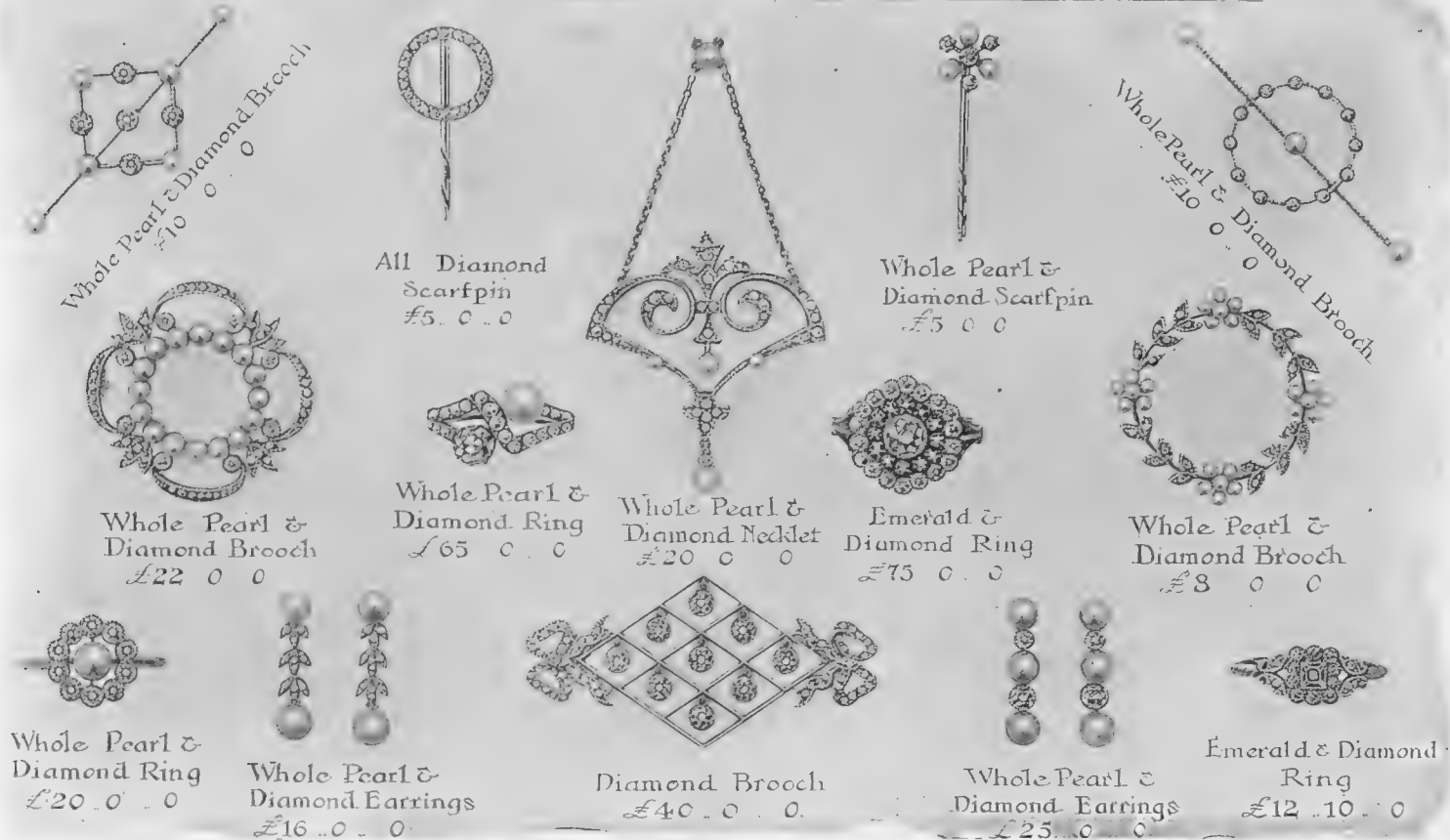
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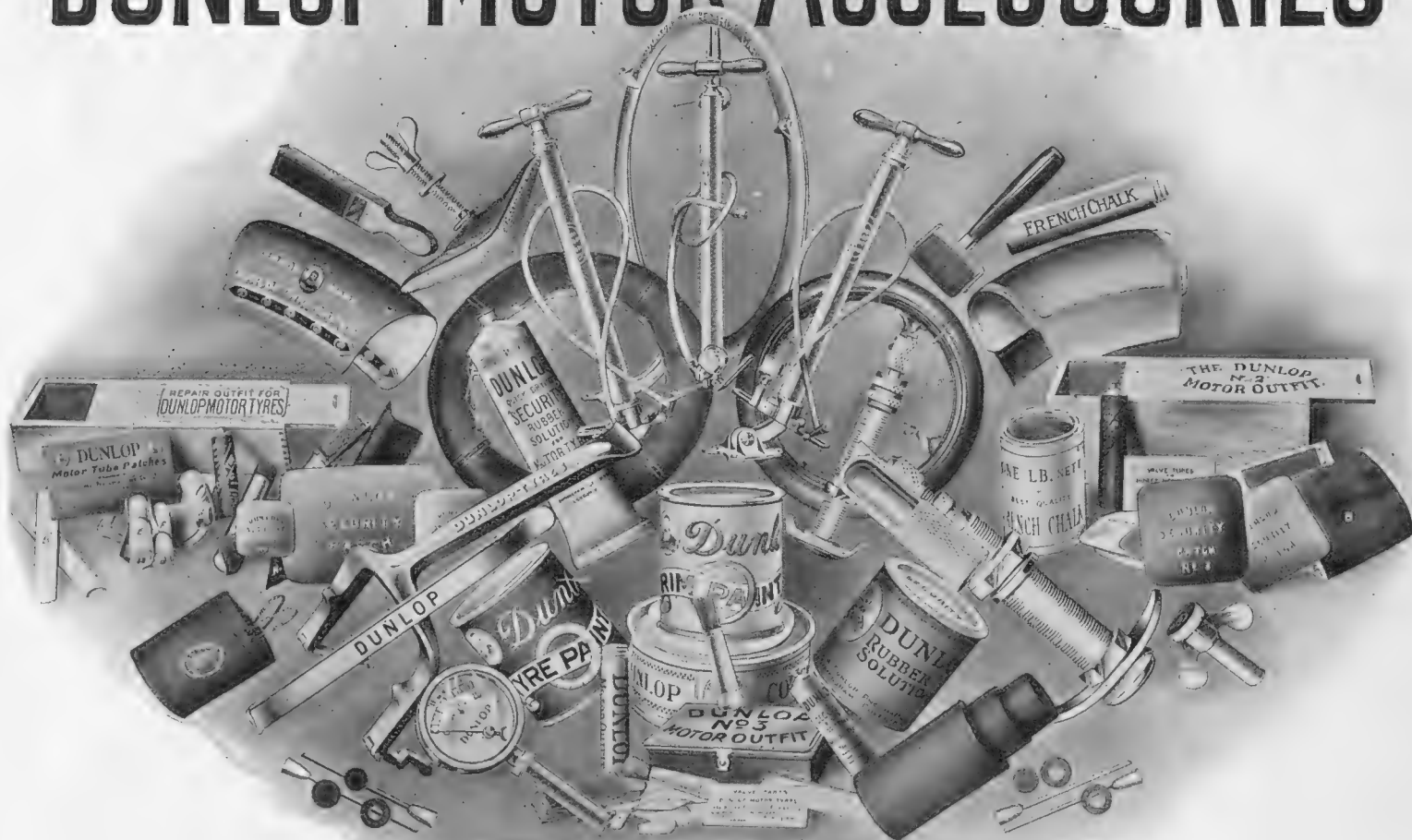
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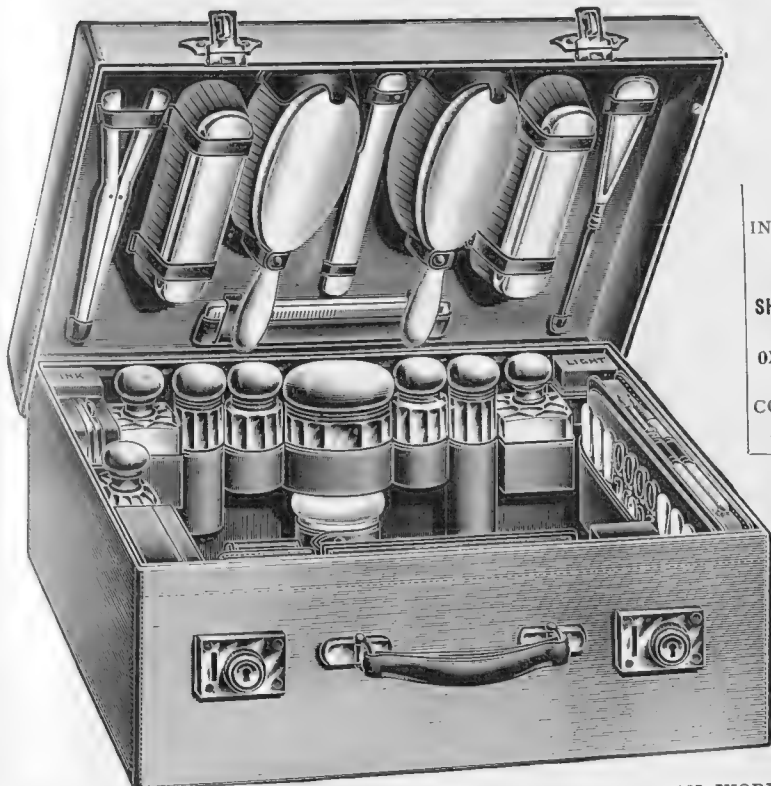
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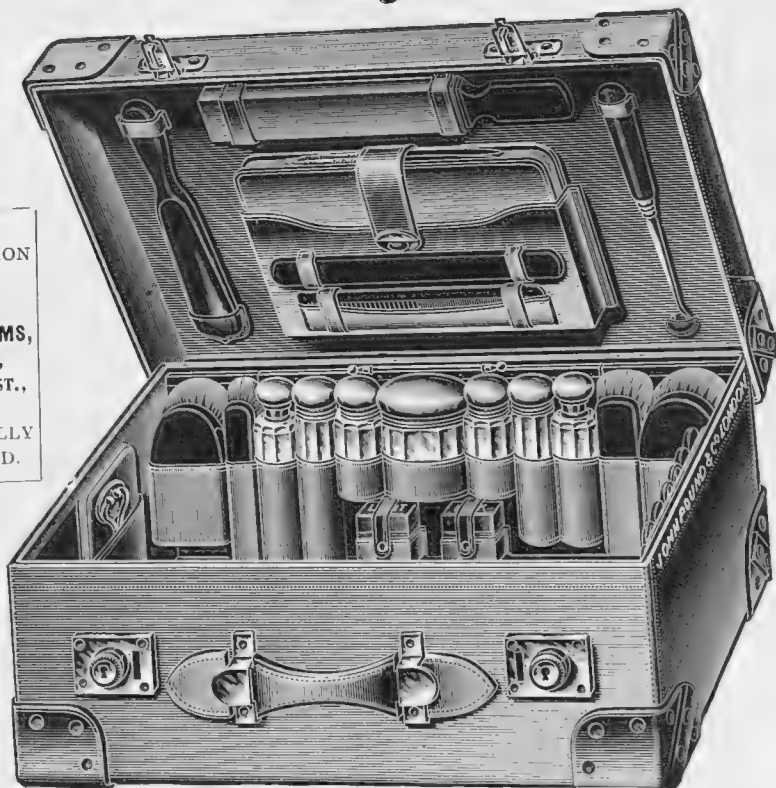
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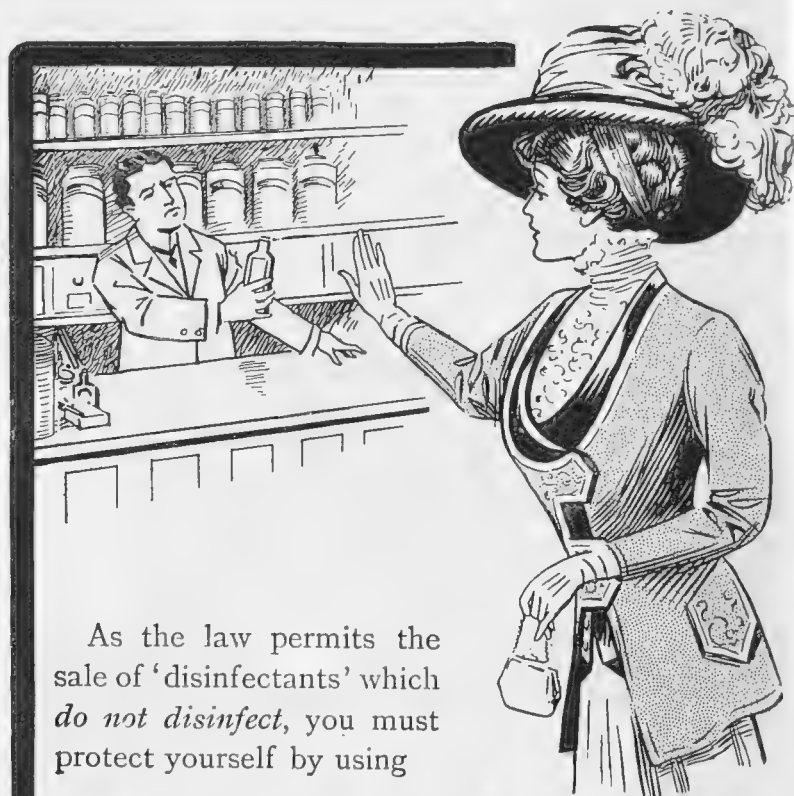
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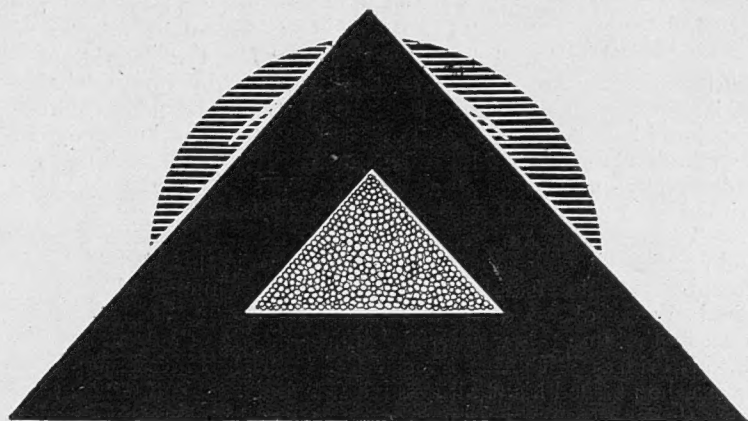
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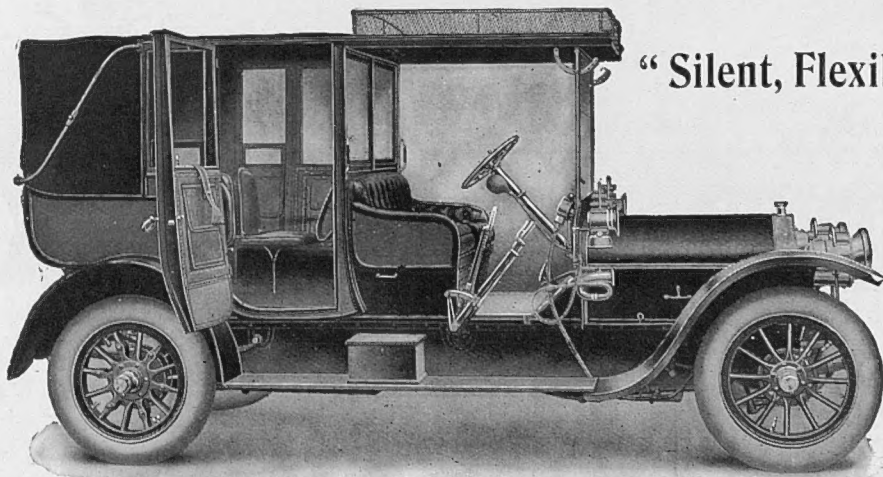
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F. 156

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Martin Eden."

By JACK LONDON.
(Heinemann.)

Mr. Jack London wrote a remarkable book a while ago which he named "The Call of the Wild," and this present work of his might very well be described as "The Call of Culture." Martin Eden, a young man twenty-one years old, of intense vitality and large experience, ranging from the South Sea Islands to White-chapel and back to Mexico, had missed one thing—a knowledge of the middle-class educated family atmosphere, decent and narrow, made pretty with second-rate æsthetics, and supremely self-satisfied. A chance encounter introduces him to one of these centres, an American one, and from the moment that, holding the drawing-room-table Swinburne in his hand, he is presented to the daughter of the house, white and golden-haired, he is obsessed by a longing as strong as his nature to get foothold on this wonderful height and reign there in honour with his Princess. Cutting himself free from the brave bondage of the sea, he pursued his Grail through free libraries and Grub Street slums, through grammar primers and poetry and philosophy, through hunger for food and sleep, till he actually is engaged to his Blumine, even talking to her of Verlaine and D'Annunzio and the German drama! But for poets, as for other ardent beauty-seekers, the civilised world is a grudging stepmother, and though his lyrics might be the right thing, his prospects were not. Therefore Blumine, as of old, withdraws—not without tears. And later, when material success does at last arrive, Martin finds himself too disillusioned for the old love or a new, with nothing to achieve after the gratification of a few generous impulses but a remarkable suicide. Culture did indeed prove to be, for him, but a syren call, fatally beckoning through his porthole down to some undreamed-of darkness. Something of the warm vigour of his hero has passed into Mr. London's writing; everything seems worth while, even death, for these deep draughts of life. In a cunningly used phrase, so hackneyed as to be startling in its vivid context, the leading lady is placed at once where she belongs, with "a wealth of golden hair."

"The Brass-bounder."

By DAVID W. BONE.
(Duckworth.)

The Brassbounder is a gentleman who goes to sea, not as the usual sailorman, but as an apprentice to learn seafaring against the time when he shall himself become an "Old Man" in command, and Mr. David W. Bone's book of that name is a delightful account by one of these of a voyage in an old-time sailing-ship from Glasgow to 'Frisco and back with two weatherings of the Horn. In this age of impressionism when every little boat would fain carry the sail of a Kipling, it is most pleasant to read a tale of action and seafaring which reminds the reader of no

great name, but is itself great with the greatness of storm and sea. Wind and wave, ice and fire are the fate of this unimaginative group of men; and by those qualities called skill and courage, endurance and humour, which, since Homer, have never failed to make fine drama in such a setting, the men win. So impersonal is the narrative, and so perfectly unaffected, that the hot cheek and the thrilling pulse, and the lump that rises in the throat now and again are attributed to the stirring story, without a thought to the man who compels them. And that is probably the praise that Mr. Bone will like. His epilogue, dated "1910," is a lyrical lament for the old ship, remote from harbour traffic, still sea-worthy, but shelved, the haughty figure-head of her turned from the open sea; and her crew, the men who manned and steered her, turning "the deft fingers that had fashioned a wondrous plan of stay and shroud to the touch of winch, valve, and lever."

"Atonement."

By F. E. MILLS YOUNG.
(The Bodley Head.)

However stimulating morally, atonement is never a pleasurable affair, nor does the author here spare one shade of the shadows. Even so, two suicides and a probation of four lonely, remorse-stricken years leave the chief sinner happy ever after, though it is evident, on the Darwinian theory, that he had the right of survival. Stephen Harborough, engineer, sails for the Cape in company with a young man shipped off as a ne'er-do-well by his family. Harborough has a kind of commission to keep young Fullerton out of trouble as far as may be, and an incorrigibly naughty young woman, returning home by the same steamer, takes them both in hand for her own purposes. Those purposes are just feminine vanity, and reckless, kindly young Jack Fullerton, whose manners are as perfect as his morals have appeared faulty, comes off best, for it is Harborough, solid to the point of stodginess, who gets burned. When, later, the inevitable storm of love which romance keeps for her heroes bursts on his life, he is as full of misgivings as St. Sebastian of arrows. Love conquers, and meanwhile, the light little creature who had lit a lamp for man-wrecking and scorched herself thereby dies, despairing of forgiveness, in her real lover's arms. This is the moment for the prodigal. Rumour and reputation point to him as the villain; his strong friend, to whom he looked for moral support, is himself a broken reed; so, the world and his temperament being in league against him, he decides on a graceful exit; which shall nail the scandal to his memory, make his friend safe, and his friend's wife happy. But Stephen Harborough's conscience saves him from cowardice, and he too pays a price in the estrangement of his wife. Cape Town and its dominating mountain make an interesting background to the story, a story evidently sincere, but a thought futile in result.

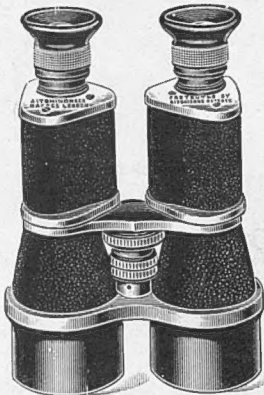
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